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PROF. J. M. VINCENT

A

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT,

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE

WORTH AND SACRIFICE

OF

JOHN BROWN,

OF OSSAWATOMIE:

It being a full Report of the Speeches made and the Resolutions adopted by the citizens of Cleveland, at a meeting held in the Melodeon, on the evening of the day on which John Brown was *sacrificed* by the *Commonwealth of Virginia:* together with a Sermon, commemorative of the same *sad* event.

"When our citizens are hanged for attempting to carry out the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and the freedom of speech at the Capitol of the Republic is suppressed, it is meet that the people should mourn."—*Taken from the Liberty Pole in Rockford, which was dressed in mourning, with the National Flag at half-mast.*

CLEVELAND:

PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOWS AND FAMILIES OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS OF HARPER'S FERRY.

1859.

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PLAIN TRUTHS FOR HONEST THINKERS.

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets."—Jesus.

"Revolutions are altogether impossible under a just and energetic government, which meets the Spirit of the age with suitable reform, instead of resisting until the people enforce those changes of which they feel the necessity."-Goethe.

"Our political existence as a *free* people is founded upon an attempt of unprecepented boldness, in rejecting every historical and fictitious basis of government, and reducing it to first principles of *perfect* justice."—C. Follens.

"When a Nation, led to greatness by the hand of Liberty and possessed of all the glory that heroism, munificence and humanity can bestow, descends to the ungrateful task of forging chains for her friends and children, and, instead of giving support to Freedom, turns advocate for Slavery and Oppression, there is reason to suspect that she has either ceased to be virtuous or is extremely negligent in the appointment of her rulers."—Jay's Address to the people of England in revolutionary times.

"It is exceeding difficult for the leading men of a nation to be *Knaves* and the inferiors *honest*; for the former to be *cheats*, and the latter rest satisfied with being only *dupes*."—Montesquieu.

"Ignorance knows not what has been done; indolence thinks nothing can be done, and both uniting, borrow from the abused eloquence of poetry an aphorism to justify supineness of inquiry."—Dr. Rush.

"New times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances, and in time out-grows
The laws that in our fathers' day were best;
And doubtless, after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiiser by the steady growth of truth."

James Russel Lowell.

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PROF. J. M. VINCENT.

JUL 1 3 1929

INTRODUCTION.

"THE times that tried men's souls" have come again, and the "irrepressible conflict" is upon us. Men mourn the decay of national faith and deplore the growth of Human Slavery; but the Divine *Nemesis*, who holds freedom and happiness in her right hand, and servitude and suffering in her left, will have a *righteous* Nation or a wretched people. As a nation, we have tampered with the sacredness of life, and temporized with the blessings of liberty, hoping to conciliate "the Fates" and reconcile Freedom and Slavery; but distributive Justice demands that we should suffer, and happiness and harmony flee the land.

True and noble men and women, to save the nation and avert the consequences that must follow its subjection to Southern tyranny and misrule, have petitioned "the people" and remonstrated with the Rulers in favor of freedom and emancipation; but the day of restitution and national deliverance is afar off, and the evil of servitude grows apace.

Of this class was JOHN BROWN of OSSAWATOMIE, his family and some of his friends. They dedicated themselves to freeing the Slave from bondage, and saving "the Union" from destruction; believing that in securing the former the latter would be effected. To this end, they threw their bread and lives upon the troubled waters of the times, thinking that *great* evils, occasionally, called for corresponding efforts They may have mistaken the *method*, the *time*, and the *place;* but it were worse than useless now, to deplore the issue, or the necessities that drove them into party feud and State invasion, since the *hour* and its *needs* call for wisely directed *action*, rather than vain regrets. The story of their wrongs and the moral of their ministry is on record, for the education of "the people" and the healing of the nation,—though their *bodies* have been offered as *sacrifices* to the "Moloch of slavery." But though dead in

body, they live in Spirit and bear testimony against all *institutions*, secular and ecclesiastic, that aids in making *oppression* legal.

But if the husband-*men* are gone, their widows and familise remain, some of whom have pressing wants and immediate necessities. These should be attended to promptly. No doubt, the practical sympathy that has plead so feelingly for, and *acted* so nobly by Mrs. John Brown, will remember the *other* and more *needy* sufferers in their great affliction.

The COMMITTEE, hoping the publication of this pamphlet will be useful among the many methods for procuring them some *substantial* aid, (while commemorating the life, labors and sacrifices of JOHN BROWN,) submit it to the public.

COMMITTEE:

MR. J. H. W. TOOHEY, MRS. H. F. M. BROWN,
MR. C. H. LANGSTON, MRS. M. A. EARL.
MR. J. F. SIVERD,

IN MEMORIAM.

EXERCISES COMMEMORATIVE OF THE SACRIFICE

OF

JOHN BROWN.

The Cleveland *Leader*, in describing the *Day of Mourning*, says :

"The 2d of December, 1859, opened dark and stormy. The heavens were hid by a sable veil of thick clouds; the rain had turned to sleet, and that again changed to snow, the minute flakes of which were driven fiercely before the wind, cutting into the flesh like needles as each fresh blast swept around the street corners and up from the lake. From the mild warmth of the day before we were suddenly ushered into the blustering wind of winter. The sleet froze as it fell upon the pavement and sidewalks, and stiffened the garments of all who were exposed to its fury. As the day advanced the keen wind grew more keen and the snow more cutting, and the poor widow and the fatherless shivered tremblingly from the grasp of the Icy King.

One general subject was on the minds and lips af all—the execution of John Brown, and the day betokened the sadness that oppressed each and every one.

It had been expected that the bells of the different churches would be tolled for half an hour, but with the exception of the Second Baptist, we understand the churches objected to its being done. The bell of the Second Baptist was tolled from half-past 10 to 11 o'clock.

Across Superior street, from the Bennet House to Rouse's Block, was stretched a banner deeply bordered with black, with the words of Brown, "I do not think I can better honor the cause I love than to die for it."

Several places of business in the city were closed during the day.

Melodeon Hall was draped in mourning for the meeting held there in the evening. The stage was hung with heavy folds of crape caught up with white rosettes. Around the gallery were folds and festoons of crape with white rosettes. Festoons of crape hung from the walls, the girders and the chandeliers, while the pillars were wound with the insignia of mourning.

Over the centre of the stage hung a large and fine photograph of the Hero of Harper's Ferry, in a gilt frame encircled with a wreath. Above this was the motto :

"Americus humanis generis."

On the left of the picture was—"John Brown, the Hero of 1859," and on the fright—"He being dead, yet speaketh." Still further to the right were the following—"The end crowns the work." "If I had interfered in behalf of the

great, the wealthy and the wise, no one would have blamed me."—*John Brown to the Court of Virginia*, and on the left were the following,—"Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them." "His noble spirit makes despots quail and Freedom triumphs."

The whole was arranged with fine effect, and showed that the ladies had been in no wise inattentive.

THE MEETING.—The number of persons present and the character of the meeting is stated as follows by the Cleveland Morning *Leader*:

"As early as half-past six o'clock the dense throng crowding into the Melodeon testified the universal interest felt in the nature and objects of the meeting, and at seven o'clock there was not a vacant seat in the Hall, and the standing places were all occupied. There were not less than 1400 persons in the Hall, about one-third of whom were ladies. The strictest attention was given to the exercises throughout—deep, earnest attention.

J. H. W. TOOHEY called the meeting to order, and introduced the Rev. Mr. BREWSTER, of the Wesleyan Church, who read the following passages of Scripture,—"Epistle of James, V; 1st to 18th. First Timothy, IV; 10th to 18th. First Corinthians, XV; 19th to 34th."

The Throne of Grace was then addressed by Rev. Mr. CROOKS, in an eloquent prayer, acknowledging the hand of God in all the events of life, and His dealings with the children of men. We, as a nation, the ministers, the churches and people are guilty of the crime that has this day been done, in the execution of him who, responding to his promptings of conscience, endeavored to set the bondmen free. He closed with the prayer that all present might so live that they might die in the hope of the Gospel.

Judge SPAULDING remarked that he earnestly hoped there would be no applause, clapping of hands, &c. It was a solemn meeting, and should be so regarded; and however freely the sentiments of the speakers might be expressed, they should be received in earnest silence."

JUDGE SPAULDING then introduced Mr. TOOHEY as Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. Before reading them, Mr. TOOHEY remarked:

"The occasion, Ladies and Gentlemen, is both solemn and significant and appeals alike to our judgment and sensibility. We are in the presence of Death,—and that aspect of nature is seldom welcome. The institution of death, though deprived of much of its former terrors and acknowledged by the more enlightend to be a necessary part of the Divine economy, is still saddening in its nature and associations; for it separates *friends*, and for the time, breaks the accustomed harmony of the family and social circle. To soften the

severity of these afflictions, *hope* and *faith* "reigns eternal in the human breast," and looking forward to the joys and compensations of another and a better life, the soul finds *peace* in believing that Nature in her Divine ministry "doeth all things well."

But there are times when this conviction brings no relief. Sweet consolation flees the mind, and the soul stands as it were in the presence of some dread power, whose ministering spirits are Feud, and Violence These confuse our sense of *order*, benumb our sensibilities and bewilder our very aspirations.

This is our position and condition to-night! We are in the presence of death and in the midst of violence. A nameless *dread* affrights the mind and confuses our judgments. The love of power, the ambition to rule, has kindled into life the elements of strife and antagonism; and sectional animosities and party feuds have inspir' ed men with hatred and violence. We are therefore living in the midst of feud—if not war; and we are here to express sympathy with the unfortunate sufferers, and take counsel for the future,—for all systematic oppression, such as the South delights to honor,—such as Virginia has this day authorized and sanctioned,–makes political harmony impossible, and puts far off the advent of "*Peace* on earth and good will among men."

Without further remarks, Ladies and Gentlemen, your candid and rational attention is invited to the reading of the following *Resolves:*

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, The "peculiar institution" has this day made strikingly manifest its baneful influence upon the "rights of man," by inflicting the death penalty at Charlestown, in Virginia, upon John Brown, of Ossawatomie, for a conscientious observance of the law of brotherhood, as inculcated by Jesus Christ, and the law of freedom as taught by Thomas Jefferson :

Resolved, That the system of negro slavery as it now exists in some of the States of the American Confederacy, is but the "experiment of despotism," which lives upon concessions, and becomes lusty upon conciliations and compromises. It is, in the words of Wesley, "the sum of all villainies," and can only be subdued by giving it, in southern parlance, "war to the knife, with the knife to the hilt."

Resolved, That the State of Virginia, under the lead of Henry A. Wise, is a contemptible carricature of the "Old Dominion," in the

days of George Washington and George Mason. She was once aptly called "The Mother of Presidents." She may now, with equal propriety, be termed "the Mother of Slaves." She is afflicted with frightful visions of armed invaders, and with a luxuriantly guilty conscience, her chivalry flee when pursued by shadows. They are ready to cry out with the "Humpback"—

> "By the Apostle Paul, shadows to-night
> Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
> Than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
> Armed in proof."

Resolved, That for their conduct in the Harper's Ferry war, when "one man chased a thousand," and in the sequel to that war, when "ten thousand" put the "one man" to death, the spurs should, be hacked from the heels of the chivalry of Virginia; the bearings on their State Shield reversed; and, instead of the prostrate despot with his broken manacles, and the spirit-stirring motto, "Sic Semper Tyrannis," their heraldic devices should be fetters, hand-cuffs and bow-strings, with a "Son of Liberty" on a gibbet, bearing the significant inscription—"Degeneres Animos Timor Arquit."

Resolved, That it was in exact keeping with the character and conduct of the citizens of South Carolina, who had furnished a bully to beat down Freedom's Champion in the Senate Chamber, to furnish a halter to hang Freedom's Champion at Harper's Ferry. The people of the North have "food for reflection."

Resolved, That we fully agree in sentiment with those fathers of the Republic, who, before the adoption of the Constitution, and while that instrument was undergoing examination, patriotically exclaimed, "however desirable a union of these States may be, the preservation of our liberties is still more desirable." We have, by force of circumstances, become convinced that the "irrepressible conflict" is upon us, and that it will never terminate until "Freedom or Slavery go to the wall." In such a contest and under such a dire necessity, we say "without fear and without reproach," let Freedom stand though the Union be dissolved!

We further say, that any religion that sanctions or apologizes for a government that authorizes Human Slavery and legalizes murder, is barbarous in spirit, evil in tendency, and in virtual fellowship with the "sum of all villainies."

Resolved, That John Brown, who, in his life was a thorn in the side of the oppressor, has, in his death, become to the Slave Power, "more terrible than an army with banners." His eulogy is best spoken by his executioner.—"He possesses the greatest integrity, truthfulness and courage that I ever met."

Resolved, That, however much we may lament the death of the devoted Brown, we are satisfied that his execution will bring confusion upon his enemies, and do more to overthrow the bulwarks of

Slavery than a long life of philanthorpic deeds, with a peaceful exit. We honor his memory! Posterity will give him a monument as indestructible as their aspirations for FREEDOM.

Judge TILDEN moved that the Resolutions be severally read and acted upon. In accordance with this motion, the first resolution was read and carried without dissention.

The second was carried with one dissenting vote.

The third resolution was carried with the dissent of two or three votes in the gallery.

The fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth resolutions were adopted by votes equally unanimous.

A. G. RIDDLE, Esq., was then elected Chairman for the evening.

JUDGE SPAULDING, being called to the floor, said, he had just now read, in the evening paper, a couple of incidents that occurred during the day which expressed, in the strongest possible manner, the sense of this community upon the mournful event that has called this audience together.

In Rockport, near the residence of our distinguished fellow-citizen, Prof. Kirtland, the U. S. flag was discovered at "half-mast," and *craped*, with the following inscription beneath it:

"When our citizens are hanged for attempting to carry out the principles of the Declaration of Independence, and the freedom of speech, at the Capitol of the Republic, is suppressed, *it is meet that the people should mourn.*"

In Akron, in the adjoining County of Summit, the Court of Common Pleas had adjourned as a mark of respect to JOHN BROWN, upon motion of Attorney General Wolcott, and after eloquent speeches by the mover and by General L. V. Bierce, with a pertinent response by the Presiding Judge. (Applause.)

"And now, Fellow Citizens," continued the Judge, "what think you of these things? John Brown has been put to death, and it becomes important to inquire if the Executive of Virginia has *choked freedom* as well as his victim? (Cries of "No! No! No!")

"No!" said the speaker, "he has not! And it is wonderful how, in their blindness, the men of the South roll onward the Car of Freedom by the very instrumentalities they had applied as clogs to its wheels.

John Brown died upon a Virginia scaffold, this morning at a quarter past eleven o'clock. He died like a hero—true to his cause —true to his conscience—true to his God.

His death is not to be deplored, if we have respect only to the abolition of Slavery. In laying down his life at the hands of the executioner, John Brown has accomplished the work of very many ordinary lives, by the impetus his immolation upon the altar of Slavery will give the cause of universal Freedom. We may rather mourn for the cowardly and conceited Governor of Virginia, who, in the spirit of Macbeth, thus apostrophized his noble captive:

> "————————Thou shalt not live;
> That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
> And sleep, in spite of thunder."

"Fellow Citizens," said Judge Spaulding, we may differ in opinion respecting the discreetness, or even propriety of the onslaught made by John Brown and his *twenty-one* comrades upon the Slave-power of Virginia; but there is no room for difference of opinion in regard to his motives. In the language of Gov. Wise, 'he possessed integrity, truthfulness and courage,' and his avowed object was to 'break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free,'

He saw that human slavery was altogether a question of power; that, so far as *Right* was concerned, the blacks might as well be masters as servants,—nothing but *power* was wanting. He saw 'the plains of the South watered with the blood of their cultivators.' He saw more than this: he saw the fair fabric of Freedom, erected by the wisdom of his fathers, about to be demolished by the insidious efforts of a thousand petty tyrants, who nurtured despotism upon their own plantations.

He saw all this, and, borne away with overpowering emotion, believed himself called, like Moses of old, 'to smite the task-master, and to lead forth the oppressed children.' Hence he says in his letter of the 28th ult. to Judge Tilden,—'It is a great comfort to feel assured that I am permitted to die for A CAUSE.'

[Here Judge Spaulding read the letter alluded to (see note A.) at length, after which he continued.]

And now, Fellow Citizens, is it your belief that the writer of this letter, a man imbued with such sublime sentiments was worthy of a

felon's death? ("No! No! No!" resounded from all quarters of the hall.)

He is worthy of immortality, and the only draw-back upon that consideration is, that he will drag Henry A. Wise along with him,

> "To blaze with guilty glare through endless time,
> Eternal beacon of consummate crime."

John Brown invaded Virginia with a force of twenty-one men, officers and privates; and what was the consequence? The town of Harper's Ferry with its three thousand souls submitted at discretion, and the whole Commonwealth was shaken as by an earthquake. What might he not have accomplished with a battalion of Western Riflemen? And yet the pale-visaged chivalry of the South are gasconading about, "whipping" the State of Ohio and the New England States into their projected confederacy! My conscience!!!

By his death John Brown has paid to Virginia the penalty of his transgression for making an inroad upon her territory. The *moral* of his tragic adventure belongs to humanity.

> "We tell thy doom without a sigh,
> For they are Freedom's now and Fame's—
> One of the few immortal names
> That were not born to die."

Fellow Citizens, it only remains for me to advert to the way and manner in which John Brown met his doom.

The telegraph says he *"died game"!* The letter I have read in your hearing, informs us that "the particular manner of dying" assigned to him, gave him but "very little uneasiness," that his great anxiety was to get as nearly in readiness *"for a different field of action"* as he well could; that his sleep was as sweet that of a healthy, joyous infant, and that he had enjoyed "remarkable cheerfulness and composure of mind" ever since his confinement.

Who, my friends, and Fellow Citizens, would not esteem, above all earthly possessions, the ability to pass through "the dark valley" with an equanimity as unruffled—with a faith as unshaken—with a hope as unfaltering as that of John Brown?

Verily, he has died—

> "Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams"

Judge Tilden being called on, came forward and said :

Mr. Chairman :—I must leave to others the duty of addressing you this evening. Those must speak to you who can better command their nerves than myself. I am too much oppressed by the sad event of the day to talk.

I have known John Brown from my earliest manhood, and for some time our relations were intimate and confidential. While he was engaged in business in an adjoining county, I was employed by him professionally, and had every means for learning his true character, and speaking from my knowledge of him, I am able to say that I never knew a more earnest, more truthful, or noble man. Among the good men whom it has been my fortune to know, none among them have shared more largely my respect and admiration than John Brown. No one ever yielded a more implicit obedience to all his convictions of duty, none who so sternly resolved to do as his conscience should dictate; and never have I felt myself more imperatively called upon to do honor to the dead than here to-night. Was John Brown a criminal? Could Virginia law convert such a man into a felon? Will our children say that he was a criminal? Will the coming generations say so? No! I cannot doubt that the verdict of posterity in his case will be that which the world has pronounced in the cases of Sidney, and Hampden, Russell, and Emmet, and that army of martyrs who arrayed themselves against the legalized crimes of their generation.

I fear to make up an opinion upon that act that has sent him to to his grave. I cannot say that his means are my means for the removal of slavery. But the time may not have yet come for making up a correct judgment in his case, Among that host of martyrs, who, in our world have been hurried to their graves, how few of those who breathed the same air with them and bathed in the same sunshine, understood the character of their acts, and approved them; and how mighty the multitude who clamored for their blood.

While I may differ with him as to the means for the removal of slavery, I am by no means sure that I am not of that cowardly

multitude who, in every age, have misjudged the acts of the world's benefactors.

Of the sincerity of John Brown's motives, none who knew him will ever doubt. It was an honest purpose to fulfil a christian duty, that has sent him to the gallows. He was among the very few in our country who are free to look at slavery as it is. He had no party to uphold, no slave-holding church to sustain, no friends involved in this national sin to protect, nor could he, from any personal interest, be induced to close his eyes upon crime. He saw slavery as we have never seen it. He saw those horrors which surround the system which no tongue has ever yet been able fully to describe. Seeing these things he felt upon this subject as we have never felt.

Could John Brown then possibly escape a Virginia gallows, with his clear views of slavery, with his sense of justice and christian duty and his heroic spirit. What was then left for him but to grapple with this gigantic villainy, and perish. We are educating our children for the same fate that has overtaken John Brown. Our code of morals must be changed. We must forego our religious teachings—the Golden Rule must be unlearned, and the dogmas of our Revolutionary Fathers concerning human rights forgotten. We have no Literature, no Philosophy, no Morality, no Religion which this inexorable despotism has not proscribed in this Republican land. This Moloch of slavery demands, yearly, fresh victims for its bloody altar, and it selects them from that portion of our people most distinguished for a conscientious regard for morality and religion. Who can have forgotten that noble christian martyr, Torry, who impelled by that same exalted religious sentiment to which John Brown and his noble sons sacrificed themselves, who, in the morning of his manhood was doomed to rot in a southern dungeon. There, too, was that noble-hearted sailor, Capt. Walker, who in an unguarded hour, listened, as an oppressed fellow-man recited the story of his wrongs. and in the fullness of his generous heart, protected him. And for this christian act, in this christian land, was branded with a hot iron as a rogue.

But there is no time here to recite the indignities and outrages which Northern men and women, for the offence of loving liberty, and hating oppression, have suffered at the hands of this slave power. They have been scourged, and branded, and imprisoned, and now our citizens, by hundreds, for the crime of being born North, or for entertaining Northern ideas, are being driven from their Southern homes, as unfit for that refined social life which American slavery only begets. If we are not dead to all sense of self-respect, this state of things cannot last. This North will once more be free.

In fifteen states of this Union there is a more than Austrian or Russian despotism. There is less liberty of speech, less freedom of thought than in Vienna and St. Petersburgh.

We are charged with a want of fidelity to the Union, with sectionalism and treason. And with shame I confess it, there are men among us ready to repeat the shameless falsehood; when, in truth, we have only sought to preserve the institutions which our fathers left us,—advocating no one measure that did not receive the sanction of the government, during the first fifty years of its existence.

While from the South treason comes to us upon every breeze; public meetings are held for the avowed purpose of overthrowing the government, speches for this purpose are daily made by her public men, State Conventions and State Legislatures resolve treason; and the laws of the country set at defiance—piracy is committed, and public sentiment sustains the pirate; unlawful expeditions are set on foot for the robbery and murder of the people of other countries; and yet the records of her Courts do not show the first conviction for these crimes.

At a late Agricultural Fair in South Carolina, a reward was offered to him who should produce two slaves, freshly imported from Africa. The slaves were produced, and South Carolina presented a silver pitcher as a reward to the pirate, while at the same time she was spinning the rope to hang John Brown for heeding the Sermon on the Mount.

But, as I have said, I must leave it to others to talk this evening. I trust that this meeting may have some practical results,—that we

may be able to baptize ourselves into the spirit of John Brown, so that we may stand like a wall of adamant against the further encroachment of this Slave Power.

Rev. W. H. Brewster being introduced, said :

Mr. Chairman :—There are times when silence is far more expressive and eloquent than speech; when the choicest words do but poor justice to the feelings—the heart—the occasion. When the occasion itself speaks; in tones that arrest attention and move all hearts. Such is the present.

"Heard ye no voices in the air?
Feel ye no earthquake underneath?"

What means this hall draped in mourning? what this large gathering here to-night? To-day, all eyes have been turned toward one place; all thoughts have been busy about two men, very unlike in their character,—unlike in their position,—unlike in their history, if both shall have a history. One a governor, the other a prisoner. One, in fact, the executioner—the other the victim! One *on* the scaffold, the other *beneath* it; for the scaffold heroically troden by John Brown to-day, is up—*up*—far up—above the aspirations of such men as Wise.

I know there are men base and servile enough to attempt to ridicule such a meeting as this; and there were men base and servile enough to ridicule the dying Jesus—crying "Aha! aha!" as they went by his cross.

Look at John Brown! read his letters; read the one received by Judge Tilden! Read Governor Wise's eulogy upon him, and then blush that, in America, in the middle of the nineteenth century, we build scaffolds for *such* men! But posterity will build them monuments. The time will come when the whitest marble will not be thought white enough to engrave the name of the old Kansas hero upon.

Read, I say, that letter! Con it well. There is no cant in it—no appeal to sympathy. I can think of but one parallel to it in all history, and I shall not, I trust, be judged irreverent for naming it—

that of Paul, writing from one of the old prisons of Rome. Nero was then playing the tyrant there, as smaller men have since done elsewhere. Paul was alone, forsaken: a distant church tendered him sympathy, when he thus writes: "I am ready to be offered. I have fought a good fight. I have kept the faith—there is laid up for me a crown, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me in that day."

Wise has said, Brown does not ask for pardon, and he doubts if he would, if he knew he could have it by asking. Brown, four days before his execution, says, "I feel specially thankful that I am permitted to die for a *cause*, and not merely to pay the debt of nature, as all men must."

We are not here to counsel an armed invasion of the South--the time for war has not come; how soon it will, we do not know.

We are not here merely to express sympathy for John Brown; he is gone beyond the reach of it—and God be thanked--he never needed it. Could he speak to us, he would say, "Weep NOT for me, but weep for yourselves; for your children; for your institutions, and your country."

We may borrow, slightly changing it, the language of Halleck:

> With the storied brave--John Brown!
> Rest thee--there is no prouder grave,
> Even in thine own proud clime.
> We tell thy doom without a sigh--
> For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
> One of the FEW, the IMMORTAL names
> That were not born to die."

Mr. C. H. LANGSTON was next called for; and being introduced, said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am sorry I cannot, like the gentlemen who have preceded me, say my fellow citizens; but my peculiar condition in this great country of "scars and stripes" renders it impossible that I should use that endearing appellation with any degree of propriety. I will, therefore, content myself by saying ladies and gentlemen; but I feel, in the words of C. M. Clay, that

"the immortal dead hover around us to-night," admonishing and warning us with their burning words, touching the benefits and blessings of human freedom, and the evil and perils of human slavery. Moses, far back in the mist of ages, while the grass was yet wet with the dew of creation's, morn, saying to us, "He that stealeth a *man* and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death." Solomon—"Envy thou not the oppressor, and choose thou none of his ways." Isaiah—"Is not this the feast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke" Socrates—"Slavery is a system of outrage and robbery." Cicero—"By the grand law of nature all men are born free and equal, and this law is universally binding upon all men." Plato—"Slavery is a system of the most complete injustice." John Wesley—"Slavery is the sum of all villainies." Patrick Henry—"Give me liberty or give me death." Jefferson—"All men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right to life and liberty." John Brown—"I came here to free the slaves from bondage." "Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country, *I say let it be done.*"

Having made these introductory remarks, allow me to say, ladies and gentlemen, that it may be thought strange that I am to-night upon this rostrum, mingling my voice, and feelings with the sympathizers with and mourners for John Brown. Indeed, it seems strange to me that I should be found here. It is a position I never expected to occupy. I never thought that I should ever join in doing honor to or mourning for any American *white* man. Why should I honor the memory or mourn over the death of any of the white people of this land? Remember the bitter, burning wrongs the colored people have received at their bloody hands. We have been stolen, bought, sold, robbed, murdered; our sisters, mothers, wives, have been insulted, outraged, degraded, and almost this entire nation have aided in the perpetration of these crimes against us, or have honored the authors of our miseries with the emoluments of

office, or have blessed and comforted them with the right hand of christian fellowship. Again, so wide-spread and well nigh universal is the feeling of negro-hate in this country, that I had nearly made up my mind never to find one of the dominant race true to the principles of human brotherhood; and I believe that no man is worthy the homage of a lover of freedom who cannot and does not see and acknowledge in every other man, whether white or black, an equal and a brother. I find in Capt. John Brown, the hero of Harper's Ferry, a lover of mankind—not of any particular class or color, but of all men. He knew no complectional distinctions among God's rational creatures. He practically realized the truth, that "God created of one blood all the nations of men." Therefore, am I here this evening to unite with you to do him honor, and to mourn over his premature and cruel death. But, to be more explicit, I honor John Brown, the martyr of the nineteenth century, first, because (as I have already intimated) he fully, really, practically and *actively* believed in the eqality and brotherhood of man, that *all* men have a right to be free, that this right is inalienable, and that no law, no constitution, no religion, can take this right from the most degraded member of the human family. With him these declarations were no "rhetorical flourish," no "glittering generality," no absurd effusion of a fanatical and crazed imagination, no "self-evident lie," but maxims, aphorisms, axioms, truisms,—simple, plain, practical, easy of application to each member of the great family of man. He sacrificed his life fearfully, cheerfully to his implicit faith in these great and overshadowing ideas of man's equality and his right to freedom. He is the only American citizen who has lived fully up to the Declaration of Independence.

Says a distinguished writer, speaking of the immortal Brown: "He believed in human brotherhood and the God of battles. He admired Nat. Turner as well as George Washington." John Brown could not understand, nor did he acknowledge that code of ethics, so much admired and reverenced in this country, by which Gen. George Washington is honored, yea, canonized, for fighting for the political rights of white men, and Gen. Nathaniel Turner was crucified, ignominiously crucified, on a scaffold, yea, quartered and

hung upon poles at the cross-roads as an object of scorn and contempt for fighting for the personal *Liberty* of black men. The old Hero did not respect these pro-slavery, mean, American distinctions, unjustly made between Freedom's champions. For this I am proud to honor him.

Secondly, I honor the heroic old man because he labored, lived and died for the outcasts, the friendless, the oppressed, the poor. Says Mr. Brown, in his celebrated speech before the court: "The Bible teaches me to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them." * * * * "I endeavored to live up to this instruction." I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His (God's) *despised poor* is no wrong, but right." He continues, "Had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife or children, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this instance, it would have been all right, and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of renown rather than punishment." Suppose John Brown had jeopardized his life to save the friends, the brother, the sister, the child, the wife of any of the great men of this country—politicians, scholars or divines, from the jaws of slavery—even had he endangered his life to save an Irishman from the *awful* effects of *British tyranny*, or a Greek from the thraldom of Turkey, or a Hungarian from the despotism of Austria, meetings of honor and sympathy would have been held all over our land of chains and fetters. Words of praise would have gone forth from the press of all parties, and would have been echoed and re-ecoced freely from the stump, the rostrum and the pulpit. Our God-forsaken churches, too, would have joined in the general chorus of unmeaning commemoration, and would have sent up prayers long, loud and hypocritical for the safety and preservation of his body and the salvation of his life. Had he been in a foreign land, Congress would have interfered. A man-of-war would have been dispatched for his protection. But he interfered in behalf of the brothers, sisters, children and wives of the wronged, despised, hated, enslaved poor of this christian country; and for this interference,

notwithstanding his acknowledged integrity, truthfulness, honesty, bravery and self-sacrificing heroism; the only favors this Republican country had to bestow on such a friend of man were a bloody capture, a hasty and farcical trial, and a legal murder.

Again, I honor Capt. Brown because he ignored the religion, the priests, the God of slave-holders, and their "aiders and abettors." When he was spoken to about religion and the welfare of his soul by one of the priests of the sanctimonious pro-slavery, man-hating, God-defying religion, Brown repulsed him with true christian fortitude, saying to him, "We do not serve the same God." When he was approached by another of those "whited sepulchres," who attempted to prove to him the divinity of slavery, he said to him, "You do not understand the A B C of christianity; you have yet to learn its first principles. Of course I respect you as a gentleman, but as a *heathen* gentleman."

Let me enquire: Did John Brown serve the true God, when, by word and deed, he preached deliverance to the captive and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound? Or do the priests of slavery at the South, or their apologists and comforters at the North, serve the true God either by holding slaves themselves or by encouraging the black and fiendish crime in others by teaching them the false, heathenizing and demonizing doctrine that slavery is not only a patriarchal but a divine institution; and further, are not our Southern preachers, as well as their Northern allies, if gentlemen at all, emphatically heathen gentlemen.

I honor Capt. Brown because he would have no fellowship with these "hypocrites," "white sepulchres," "serpents, generations of vipers," but rather reproved them.

But alas! the active limbs of this martyr and hero are no more. *He is dead!* To-day he was *murdered*. Wilfully, basely, cruelly, brutally, fiendishly *murdered*. By whom was this foul murder committed? On whose head must the guilt rest? Whose hands are now dripping with this innocent blood? Did Gov. Wise and the trembling chivalry of Virginia capture and crucify John Brown? Are they alone responsible for this legal killing? I tell you *no*.

The "crazy governor," and all the panic-stricken "*chivaldry*" of the Old Dominion, could not have taken Capt. Brown and his twenty-one brave and faithful followers. The people of the North, of New York, Massachusetts, of Ohio, killed and captured those daring friends of humanity and freedom. Their blood will be required at your hands. The capture and murder of Brown was the work of "*our glorious Union.*" It was the result, in the language of Garrison, of your "covenant with death and agreement with hell." You are pledged by your Federal Constitution to protect the South "against domestic violence and insurrection." Hence it is, if Northern philanthropists interfere in behalf of the suffering bondman of the South, so as to alarm the guilty oppressor, you must hire men to shoot or hang your own citizens and friends, that your Union with slavery may be strengthened and preserved.

Did not the sabres and bayonets, bought with your money, strike down the immortal Brown? Did not Stephens receive his nine wounds from rifles in the hands of men hired by your officers, and paid eight dollars per month out of your treasury? Was not the Armory taken by United States marines? Were not the wounded prisoners dragged to jail, "covered with clotted gore," by the United States soldiers? Where, then, must the responsibility and guilt of Brown's crucifixion rest? Not with Wise and the people of Virginia alone, but with you and the whole people of this blood-stained Union. You cannot throw it off; it must rest upon your heads, and its blighting and fatal consequences must fall upon your posterity.

The "irrepressible conflict" must go on. Slavery, with all its murderous concomitants, must be banished from this entire country; or, like John Brown, liberty must die a speedy and ignominious death. Liberty and slavery will not, cannot live together in harmony under the same institutions. They are eternal antagonisms; they will not affiliate. When you can mingle virtue and vice, mix light and darkness, unite heaven and hell, then you may be able to combine and perpetuate in harmonious union under the same government the conflicting elements of Liberty and Slavery. Slavery will rule and

ruin your country, or Liberty must rule and overthrow Slavery, and save your fast decaying institutions from premature destruction.

The consequences of slavery, therefore, are no longer confined to the black people of the United States, for it is now a practical question whether the white people of these States shall be free men or slaves. But the whites need not hope to enjoy entire freedom while the blacks are made to wear their galling fetters. Liberty must be proclaimed throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof, or all, both black and white, must submit to the tyrant's yoke.

One of our city papers this morning, in speaking of this meeting, made the following remark :

"Toll the bell, hang the Hall in black, and meet in mournful assembly, because John Brown is to be hung! Yes; but for these reasons, and these alone, that when our fair heritage was blessed with comparative rest and quiet,—an heritage won by the blood of our gallant forefathers, shed at New Orleans as well as on Bunker Hill; won by the brave arms of Southern as well as Northern men, and covered by a Constitution suited, above all others, to the progress and advancement of the best interests of man; an heritage whose career thus far has brought forth to life the brightest civilization and the brightest success of the religion of heaven,—toll the bell, and meet to mourn that in such a condition of a great and prosperous people, a fanatical and reckless adventurer, with his handful of depraved and desperate comrades, strike a blow at the heart of our *common weal*, and turns all into confusion where all was harmony."

John Brown struck a blow at the system of slavery; and if slavery is the heart of our *common weal*, I would ask, in the name of heaven, what is the heart of our *common woe*? I suppose the editor of that journal believes that the Union is our common weal, and like the slavery propagandists of the South, he looks upon slavery as the chief corner stone of our republican edifice.

He believes, no doubt, that the foundation of the American Union is the bones and sinews of the four millions of bleeding bondmen of the South, and that as soon as any attempt is made to remove this "frail and fickle" foundation, the whole governmental superstructure is threatened with speedy destruction. In this sense slavery may be said, with truth, to be the heart of our common weal, if your Federal Government and Union are

worth preserving. But why preserve the Union since its only object seems to be to extend and eternalize Slavery? Such a Union is not worth perpetuating. With all my heart I should say let it be abolished. I hate the Union of these States as I hate the *devil*; for by it I am bereft of every right as a citizen, and denied all protection for my personal liberty.

But I am trespassing too long upon your patience. Allow me to say, in conclusion, that I mourn for the Hero of Ossawatomie, because with him died in me all hope for the slaves' redemption for the present. The bondman of our country must still clank his galling chains; must still drag out a life of unrequitted toil. There is none to deliver him from the hands of the spoiler, who, like freedom's martyr, will be ready to give his life for the outcast, the needy, the crushed. Long may we cherish the name of Capt. John Brown with gratitude, admiration and love, and may we learn from his eventful but useful life to honor God by succoring and serving the poorest of his creatures. I fondly hope that the awfully solemn event, which has called together this large and imposing assembly, may be blessed to the cause of God and humanity, and may form a new era in the history of our guilty land.*

Mr. Toohey was next introduced. He said:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—How far I may agree or differ with what has been already said, is of small moment, so long as what is offered is in harmony with the occasion, and addressed to the serious and candid reflections of the thoughtful.

Each speaker has his stand-point; I have mine; and my survey commences with the *fact* that I am an Irishman; and with the *conviction* that, in the minds of many, the difference between an Irishman and

*Rev. A. Crooks was the next speaker, but as most of his remarks are incorporated in the sermon published in this pamphlet, they are omitted here. At the close of Mr. Crooks remarks Judge Tilden stated that it had been suggested that a subscription be taken up during the evening for the benefit of John Brown's family. The gentleman who had suggested the idea had himself contributed $25. The suggestion was acted upon during the evening.

a negro is "six of one and half a dozen of the other." The association here intended is not the natural and humane, that elevates *all* men, and makes them members of a common brotherhood, but grows out of and is prompted by a spirit as insulting to the former as it is intended to be degrading to the latter. Naturally enough, since the ignorance that can find delight, and the insolence that can take pleasure in nicknaming the Irishman, needs but the incentives of selfishness to sanction and sustain negro slavery. For these phases of experience we are indebted to the most base and vile of society, and the most selfish exhibitions of human character, all of which are characteristic, if, indeed, they are not constitutional to the early forms of civilization.

It is saddening, nevertheless, to have to realize that such feelings find shelter and grow in a land dedicated to civil and religious freedom, and that they live in opposition to the heroic efforts of men who have lived for the development of civil order, good faith, and respectful tolerance !

Earnest men ! who, desiring the advert of freedom, worked for its development, believing in the equality of "the races," and the individual "right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The spirit of "the fathers," it was hoped, would live in the sons, since few could be found mean and cowardly enough to remain "pensioners upon the dead," when it was both easy and natural for all to emulate the noble *deeds* of their sires. Aspiring minds in other nations saw the dawn, and hailed with thanksgiving the assurance America gave of being "the promised land" to those educated into a love of freedom by the tyranny and misrule of church and state Enthusiasm consecrated her civilization, and bespoke for the government of "the Union," the wisdom of ages. Its laws and usages, it was believed, would husband the mental and physical wealth of the nation the better to make humanity *practical* and save the *less* favored from "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

Though educated in New England, Mr. Chairman, my own earliest memories go back and associate with convictions like those ; for the aspirations of generations and the inspirations of most of Ireland's poets had made them educational and life-sustaining, Moore's glow-

ing picture, had taught his countrymen to believe, and made it rapture to think, that America was indeed a—

"———— thrice happy land!
Where he who flies
From the dark ills of other skies;
From scorn and want, unnerving woes,
To shelter him in proud repose.
Hope sings along the yellow sand,
He's welcome to a patriot land;
Where at once the barren glory yield,
To the warm soil and cultured field;
Where he who came of all bereft,
To whom malignant fate had left
Nor home, nor friends, nor country dear
Finds home and friend and country *here!*"

Imagination, thus stimulated, gave power to hope and reality to the picture; and, for the time, it became a "thing of beauty," if not a "joy for ever."

But I have lived to see the day when smiling faith has given place to sad convictions, and "the substance of things hoped for" have melted into the humiliating reality of things seen. I say this, Mr. Chairman, because much observation and some experience have convinced me that, what was at one time *possible* for this country, is fast becoming problematical. Hope and experience stand in more than reverse ratio. The policy of the times makes it a misfortune, if not a crime, to be "direct and honest;" and ambitious teachers, through "the press" and from "the pulpit" aid the governmental officials of this nation in popularizing cant and party feud. To effect this, they take to their embrace the all-powerful and ever-plastic logic of success and expediency—making *whips* of public opinion," and "statute law" to keep the coward in his track. My own experience illustrates the mode; for many a time worldly sagacity and popular sense, have admonished me of the *verdancy* of acknowledging myself *Irish*, when such concessions must impair my *interests* with the multitude. This, sir, must come home to any man of sensibility, and make him feel the decline of manhood; for when the *insolence* of misrule mistakes *insult* for kindness, and councils the selling of these dear associations of father, mother, home

and "fatherland" as a stroke of policy, he cannot but feel the presence and power of that moral chaos, that has ever made *bribery* and corruption the active agents of nearly all church and state administration. Thus, the popularizing of selfish and corrupting policies underminds good faith and moral heroism, and perverts those aspirations, that were, and ever should be, the soul of the Republic. This aspect of our age is not general, much less universal, thanks ! to the genius of progress and the wisdom of Providence, who will have *"all things work together for good;"* but it is no less necessary to contradict the fashionable profligacy that insists on placing *custom* and constitutions before man and the aspirations of the soul, in order to prevent the timid and superficial from confounding *integrity* with eccentricity, and moral rectitude with singularity of character.

But what has all this to do with John Brown ? Everything ! so long as everything, or anything, is placed before those cardinal virtues which inspire men, with a *love of truth* and a *sense* of justice. *Virtues !* which are, as it were, father and mother to those more delicate intuitions and divine sensibilities of the soul, without which improvement and progress are impossible. These having slumbered on the lap of custom and popular usage, John Brown, and men like him, of earnest, direct and radical natures, become necessities to the progress and purification of the age. They speak to the *national* sense, and force home the conviction that something must be done, for there are times when men *must* do more than *hope*—they must *dare !* It may be he has violated "state law," and ignored the authority of the times, but if so it was necessary to vindicate human rights and assert the dignity of human nature. These he had ever respected, protected and supported in his life, labors and character, his voluntary suffering and heroic death, bring the seal and test of his sincerity. I honor his memory ! and hail his presence in history as the herald and interpreter of a new and divine dispensation. *Old* things may pass away, but his memory and influence will be ever present blessings to the true and good of *all* times and climes. In him I behold the "morning star of a day long promised," *the* day of national redemption and the resurrection of

American civilization, for he is *more* than constitutional to the clime he is the, incarnation and representative of its Puritan and Revolutionary glory. His presence makes history vital, and redeems 'the times that tried men's souls' from sectional selfishness and party feud. Henceforth a love of UNIVERSAL justice and a veneration for PRINCIPLES must inspire the truly heroic American. Hope leaps into newness of life, and faith rejoices ever more! Since another *star* has been added to the constilation that watch over and illumine the path-way of civilization and progress. His sacrifice may not save the *nation*, (for no *vicarious* suffering can!) but the noble presence of this *real* man, so artless in integrity, so sublime in courage, and heroic in defeat, will iuspire and strengthen the aspirations for freedom, and silence insult and carricature. It hath been said the people of America "are a nation of *boars*,"* but it remains to be seen if there is not *an other* and a better *side* to the picture. The devotion of John Brown, and the consecration of his family to the rights and interests of the slave, favor such a possibility. Blessed are those who have part in the first resurrection, for their works do follow them.

So much, Mr. Chairman, I am constrained to say of "the man and his mission" to the times; but what can I say of his *destroyers*? for, if I am to measure the magnanimity and calm majestry of John Brown with the cowardice and tyranny of foes, it makes hideous laws and institutions already revolting, and brands with wanton cruelty all legislation and policy demanding such sacrifice. Mr. Langston said he did not *blame* Gov. Wise; neither do I—though I think his *name* was the only *wise* thing connected with his movements. Why? Because the profligacy of the times and the customs of his State have moulded his character, and identified his *interests* with the growth and perpetuity of slavery. No, the blame rests with *you* and me! His sincerity, (if indeed he is sincere,) can in no way alter the character of "the institution," nor save the nation from the consequences that follow its development; for slavery, in all its forms, is necessarily blind, suicidal and destructive. Nature and impartial experience ignores the assumption, and chastises the self-conceit of men who believe "where *ignorance*

* Thomas Carlyle.

is bliss, it is a folly to be wise;" and those who sympathize with and tolerate the laws and usages of slavery, will be no exception. Already the *curse* is upon us; for, owing to a lack of direct and positive action, the modern history of this country's government has at length gathered round and culminated in the *interests* of man-selling, woman-whipping, peace disturbing, rights-destroying, and war-provoking slavery!! An "institution" as systematically *cruel* in law as it is peculiarly depraved in practice; an "institution" that grows on bad faith, blasted hopes, party feud, border ruffian war, and State violence,—the ripe fruits of which are, national disgrace abroad, and national *unrest* at home.

And yet, with facts and experiences like these pressing upon them, men and women are oft so far the victims of educational circumstances as to advocate the interests of the "peculiar institution," and insist upon their recognition as fundamental to "our common weal." And to such *extreme* is this favoriteism carried by its zealous, and oft times frantic advocates, that the institution and its friends become not only contemptible as we become acquainted with it and them; but the legislation that attempts to dignify and make respectable the former, by legalizing the selfish and corrupt desires of the latter, degenerates into broad farce and carricature. The only relief to this somewhat startling conclusion is found in the *charitable* conjecture that the institution has grown to be "altogether lovely," and the chief among thousands to those who *live* by power, plunder and extended rule. This may in part extenuate their guilt, and save us from putting aught in malice against them; but as we have not the same interests, we must be excused if failing to see, we laugh at the *logic* that attempts to make such peculiarities fundamental to "our common weal." The mere suggestion borders so broadly upon the ridiculous, that, in spite of the sadness of the occasion the *absurdity* of the assumption forces itself upon me. "*Common* weal!" We might, with more propriety, be called on to sing the praises of our *common* fiddle, for then we could have *music* of our own.

As it is, the political skill that plays upon this *speciality* will not admit of any tune but slavery. It more than parallels Pagan-

nini, for though he played on *one* string, he had a variety of tunes, and was happy in having his *skill* acknowledged and rewarded, while the friends of the institution are so peculiar as to require *every* person to play the same tune and dance to the same music. More, he *must* applaud the performance of others, no matter how *unskillful* they may play the *fiddle*. This is too much! And yet, so long have Northern men conformed to these *exactions*, that Union-makers and Union-breakers all over the country become *really* angry, if we do not go into *spasms* of delight whenever they see fit to play on the *one* string of "our common weal." Like the "dancing Jacks," which amuse the children during the holidays, the North is expected to throw up its mental legs and arms whenever the South pulls the *string*. But the sensibilities of the people have been played on so long they are becoming rather insensible to the whole thing. The tune of "our glorious Union" is nearly "played out" and the alarm of "*dissolution*" is no longer responsive; for the music has grown dull, the dance monotonous, and the position of the parties painful.

But if the *farce* is over the tragedy remains, though many fail to see the actual condition of the country. Others, however, knowing that *chaos* is like to come again, have remonstrated with Congress, appealed to local governments, and petitioned the people in behalf of "the Union," but nearly all think it badly "got up," and sadly in need of amendment. This *change* of feeling, though slow in its development, is more than significant, for its spirit finds expression in, if indeed it did not inspire John Brown and his heroic band. The conflicts of Kansas and Harper's Ferry have "grown with its growth, and strengthened with its strength," and are but the opening scenes of a new and eventful drama. It may be tragical—it must be eventful—but whether peaceful or violent, the issue is radical to the times and fundamental to a higher civilization. National legislation and congressional falsification may retard its progress, but the change must come, for the times demand "new measures and new men." The conclusion of the whole matter is revolutionary. Past experiences are burdensome, and existing relations bewildering, whether we look North or South. Senator Seward finds an "irrepressible conflict," while Senator Mason

contemplates calling the muster-roll of his slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill. Virginia may have her prophet, as well as her representative, in Senator Mason; but "Yankees," calculating cost, guess he won't fill his prediction. The contingency, however, is startling, when we remember the vigilance and energy of the party, whose mouth-piece he is, for the history of many of their movements is written in violence and cemented with blood.

Men of Ohio, and the free States, does Senator Mason's prediction herald the march of empire? If so, are you prepared for the change? and do you realize at what a sacrifice it is to be effected? I fear not! The desire to have a "good time" is too general, and prosperity so often renders the mind insensible to the growth of evil that it were more than presumptive to think we had escaped its corrupting influences. I know Nature delight to honor the Divine Artist, in causing us to think nobly of humanity; but I also know that "eternal vigilance is the price of freedom!" I know that good faith and confidence are necessary to the well being of Society, and that they are the natural culminations and practical exponents of our most human and intuitive aspirations. I know they have often transformed the *deformed* of the household and the nation, and reared affectious alters on the ruins of discord! But, I also know, that a blind trust and a reckless confidence leads to error and destruction, for EVIL—like

> Good habits form by unseen degrees.
> As lakes form rivers, and rivers form seas.

And this last phase illustrates the practical drift of our national faith. Thus, hoping for the best, we wake to the worst, to learn of the restriction of personal freedom, the destruction of national prosperity, and the decay of popular faith. A growing and legalized calamity has bewildered the mind and paralyzed the sensibilities of the people. Banishing State intercourse with those outspoken and manly virtues, which made nationality synonymous with Liberty! Nor does the evil of this bad faith, and *no* faith, end with its practical consequences, for they follow us into all the relations of life, making confidence, imprudence; manly candor, impertinence; social intercourse dangerous, and progress in good

impossible ! Under these circumstances cunning must characterize all the interchanges of society; for, whenever and wherever spies, informers and treason-hunters abound, self-protection becomes the first and sovereign law of nature. Do you deem such changes impossible? Remember there are depths to infamy, as well as heights to glory; and that all things wicked and cruel are possible in a nation, when slavery becomes organic in its government. Remember Spain has had her "Inquisition," and England her Star Chamber. France has her "Secret Police," and the distinctive spirit of all these may yet gather round and unite in the interests of American Slavery ! Yes, for already harmony and happiness flee the land, since to love liberty is made synonymous with their King treason! since religion, even, is made to minister to the corruptions of government, and the crimes and cruelties it legalizes. But remember, also, that there is a Divine power that sways the destinies of men and empires for good, who will do JUSTLY, though he loves mercy. Let this stimulate hope and inspire action ! Free men of the West and North, let this prompt you to noble deeds of daring, for—

"Right is ever above the scaffold,
Wrong is ever above the throne;
But the scaffold sways the future.
Behind the dread Unknown
Standeth God! within the vail,
Keeping watch *above* His own."

MR. RIDDLE being introduced, said :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—These are strange, eventful days and times; full not only of portents and omens, but incidents of great moment,—filled with the startling conclusions of old logic, and the fulfillment of old prophecy.

Never in the world's history were old dogmas and formulas so rudely catechized, and old shams and seemings so irreverently pulverized. Never before did men cast themselves so boldly upon their convictions. Never before were the dreams of old speculation so realized. Never before did opinion so congeal into conduct; and

mere thought become embodied action. And never before did events, by such sharp, crisp turns, bring men face to face with unexpected conclusions—as if by a flash of revelation!

This is a day; not a fraction of a week or month,—but a full, complete day. This is an event—not an item—a merely incident. It may be an era, opening up a new way,—it is, at least, a most portentious way-mark. These unwonted manifestations are not the results of political legerdemain. These strange sounds are not the mutterings and incantations of party conjurers, they are the voices of the gathering storm. This glare is real, red, live lightning, leaping fresh from the embodied tempest. This tremor is not the weakness of coward knees, but the shudder of the solid earth, in its recoil from the deed of to-day.

Wherein is the significance of this act, that has caused unseen hands to drape these walls in funereal weeds, and the bells throughout the land instictively to toll out their knell? Is it because John Brown is dead? John Browns have died before. Has a man been strangled? The gallows tree has stood darkly against the background of human history—affrighting Heaven and appalling Earth with its hideous, ghastly fruit, since the dawn of civilization! Men do not revere murder, and venerate treason. It is not because Virginia has executed a culprit. Virginia did not do it. Embodied Slavery seized its eternal contrary, in the person of John Brown, and, in the presence of the two hemispheres of the Republic, and with the gleam and and pomp of military display, at mid-day, ostentatiously put him to death! It is that which sends this mortal shiver through the land.

It matters nothing that this has been done under the form of law; that the facts written by history upon the forms of eternity were sworn to by so called witnesses. Nothing that men, as jurors, hissed a verdict through teeth with which they would have torn their unshrinking victim; and still less that an atrocious burlesque upon the Judiciary was executed by the *thing* upon the bench. The condemnation and death of John Brown are to be estimated by equities, in which the Throne of Eternal Justice alone has its foundation. In

these scales, legal formulas are dead and weightless. Doctors of the Hebrew Law, by its letter, make a conclusive case sgainst Jesus Christ, and show that His condemnation and execution, by the Roman "Governor Wise" of their "Virginia," were according to the forms of law! And yet, the faith and hope of Christendom rest on the basis, that that judgment and death were the sacrificial and sacramental seals of the Messiah-ship which stampt the Peasant-Born the Saviour of the world. In measuring this case by these eternal principles, do not quote "unions," and "compacts," and "constitutions" to me! I deny their validity! I pronounce them temporary and trashy, when they attempt to contravene the Immutable!

A great while ago, a gang of Portuguese pirates stole a cargo of Africans, and other pirates, French and English, stole other cargoes, and they were deposited in chains, in the nebulous matter out of which was to be formed a new State,—mingled with its elements while in the milk,—and it grew up and became organic, with slavery a part of its every fibre. And other States sprang up around it, with this thing growing also, from their seminal principles. And still other States, not having the body of slavery in them, but poisoned with its malaria, came and grouped themselves around this State. And all these States formed a solemn league,—an indissoluble compact, an irrepealable organic law; and, by this league, and compact, and law, these Slave States were treated as higher and better, by reason of slavery. They were expressly granted powers and privileges, solely and exclusively, because they had it. And no provision looking to its abrogation, or a cessation of those powers and privileges, was made. Not only so, but every State and man, was prohibited from interfering with this thing, in another State; and all the free States, and every man in them, were solemnly pledged and enjoined to seize and return every fugitive from slavery.

And so the States became a nation, and their peoples one people; and slavery became "King," and ruled, as it would, royally,—making and moulding parties, policy, and presidents,—stealing territory from one nation to extend itself in, and people from another,

to enslave upon it. Breaking down, at last, the old Northern barrier, it thrust its fettered victims into our faces, and upon our soil. Our people were aroused. They said they would war against it. But they were powerless. The Union and Constitution walled them out. The hand that would strike was self-manacled! The very breath with which they would exclaim against it, was beaten out of their bodies! They were estopped by their bond, and could feed a fleeing slave only by stealth. Then up arose JOHN BROWN,—soldier and prophet,—do not say he was crazy—do not think it—do not so cloud his glory,—and, scanning this, slavery said "it was wrong—all wrong—allied to nothing good, or even indifferent,—but wholly wrong,—no matter how old it is, or how deeply imbedded in institutions; no matter how guarded by State Constitutions and laws, or how esteemed and revered as good. No matter, though hedged in by the Union, and walled round by the tripple bars of the national compact—though thirty-three crowned sovereigns, with arms in their hands, stand around it,—it is wrong, and shall be dealt with as wrong. I cannot approach it through the law.—that forbids me. I cannot strike it through the Constitution—that protects it. I cannot move the power of the Union to crush it,—that shields it. Yet, all revelation commands me,—all the instincts of humanity impel me,—all the voices of the free creation call me,—and I fall back on the eternal reservation of rights, and obey." So said John Brown; and, seizing that old battle blade, with which the second Frederick of Brandenberg clove down, and hewed asunder the holy alliances and slavery propaganda of the old world; and the same with which GEORGE WASHINGTON sundered the old fetters of the new,—with this sword,—coming thus lineally to his hand,—he struck one full blow,—not at the Commonwealth of Virginia, (God bless her if He will!)—not at the Union, (Heaven held it,—if It can!) not at any man nor thing; but fully upon the iron fetters of Slavery,—rusted with sweat and crusted with gore, until thier canker teeth had gnawed away the muscles, and ate out the hearts and lives of whole generations of that unsinning race! And it was for that, that Slavery seized him and choked his soul out of his body, and thrust him back, cold, into the arms of the wife God gave him.

And shall Slavery, for all this, repose in safety this one night! Shall it not imagine the soul of John Brown, in form of the red-visaged Angel of Retributive Wrath,—hovering on the pinions of fright and terror, over all her doomed domain,—distilling ghastly images of blood upon the starting eyeballs of her cowering votaries! And that blow! what a wonder, and what a revelation! That little metalic clink,—not so loud as that which the sullen anvil gives back to the hammer,—shook a continent; and its echoes and re-echoes, as they repeat, grow louder and louder, and shall never die away! It shattered the fetters of every slave in the land; and, could the Moses have gone on, another Exodus would have been possible. It revealed the utter, deathly weakness of Slavery. At once and forever, it dissipated the cloud, and mystery, and darkness that enshrouded it; and an awakened world beheld it—empty, and hollow, and naked, and helpless, and hopeless; languishing and dying in its deformity,—and there were no reverent sons walking backward with its garments to cover its unsightly hideousness from a mocking universe.

It revealed, too, the innate cowardice with which Slavery endows its worshippers; making palpable the shapeless forms of dread that throng their paths by day, and brood and cower around their hearths by night. All the manifestations—all the quaking images of white-faced fear driven mad, which the world has ever jeered at, have been out-run and forgotten in the shiverings of the "chivalry." It also revealed the radical cruelty which the "institution" plants in otherwise brave and noble natures; demonstrating the anachronism of Slavery itself; which has brought out, amid the refinements of the nineteenth century, the qualities and characteristics of the rudest savage. I care not with what exterior grace the slaveholders discharge the outer amenities of ordinary life, nor with what solemnities they assume the name and fellowship of Christianity,—they oblige us to pronounce them unreclaimed and unregenerated barbarians.

And what a revelation, too, this act has made of the character and conduct of John Brown himself; showing us that men of the grand old type—souls of the great heroic mould,—are still possible—still

have their birth in our land : men who realize the images that have haunted our memories, since the tales of our childhood.

The earth has never seen the paragon of that incident in the last struggle; when everything had failed but the sacrifice,—and, as if "without the shedding of blood there could be no remission," and that the offering might be perfect; while one son lay dead before him, with the lapsing pulse of the other dying boy ebbing from under the fingers of one hand, with the other still grasping his rifle,—the voice of the old soldier prophet was still heard ringing out over the din of battle, calling the last of his band to death !

To-day the earth mourned in storm and darkness the departure of its truest child. To-day the "Pearly Gates" opened with light and gladness to the grandest soul that has passed their portals for the last thousand years !

Rev. James C. White, having come in from another meeting, was now called for, and remarked :

At this late hour there is not time for further words of thought or feeling; nor need there be, after all that has been said. I always feel that, on funereal occasions, it is meet that our words be few.

" I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

From all that I have known and learned of John Brown, I suppose these words may be fitly applied to him. Although executed upon the gallows to-day, I doubt not, he "died in the Lord," and that henceforth he will be among the Blessed, and blest of those he left behind. Henceforth, ceasing from his earthly labors, his works will follow him. I suppose John Brown was in truth a "man of God," and a man *for* God and *with* God in the main purpose of his heart, and the design of his life.

It has been said that "it was a pity the great State of Virginia had no better use for such a man than to hang him." I can but think that this is the very best use she could make of such a man as John Brown;—a man who has probably prayed more, labored more

and sacrificed more for the freedom of Kansas than any other;—a man of God, who so nobly has won the battle, against the mighty odds of oppression, on that great virgin soil. Such a man was just the subject for a sacrifice upon the altar of Human Rights. He had been prepared through suffering,and it was meet that heshould be offered.

I have of late thought, and abler and better men than myself have been coming to the same conclusion, that the great, sinful system of American Slavery would never be overhrown by pacific means. Moral suasion and Bible arguments have been exhausted in preparing the way; but "without the shedding of *blood* there can be no remission" of such a sin. And the blood of the transgressor can never make atonement and prepare the way for salvation. The blood of the innocent and the good is required. The greatest and best must suffer for the guilty; and those who have suffered best and most make the more acceptable sacrifices. So it ever has been—so it now is, and so it will yet be. This of to-day but foreshadows that which is yet to come. This nation can be delivered from its guilt and its dangers, as connected with Slavery, only by sacrifices, of which, as yet, we know but little. The day is hastening that will test our faith and our obedience. We are now called to serious thought; and soon, it may be, to more serious action.

It is no time for flippnat words, nor yet for sore complainings. The danger and the duty are upon us. It is well that, amid these surroundings, we prepare wisely and prayerfully for both; for, while it is true that "oppression maketh a wise man mad," we are not to forget that, on the side of the oppressor, there is Power. Let us also remember that, although we are commanded by the Law of Laws, and of Jesus, "to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us," and that "to interfere in behalf of the wise, the wealthy and the great, or of *their* frinds, whether father, or mother, or brother or sister," would be commended by all; but to interfere in behalf of, or to show mercy unto the poor and needy, the down-trodden and oppressed, and to those who have no helper,—as we would have mercy shown to us, is the highest crime known—*to the Slave Power!*

May we all be prepared, by the grace of God, to do and to suffer His most righteous will.

[THE MEETING THEN ADJOURNED.]

JOHN BROWN'S FUNERAL SERMON;

PREACHED BY

REV. A. CROOKS,

IN

Melodeon Hall, Cleveland,

Sabbath, Dec. 4, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

TEXT. "And he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey." Isaiah 59: 15,

From this date, the 2d of Dec., is to be a day memorable in the annals of this nation. The morning of this inst. the sun arose to look upon an American citizen and Christian philanthropist executed in the State which gave to the world George Washington, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson—for his efforts in behalf of Liberty and against oppression! Nothing in all the book of common sayings is more true than that "coming events cast their shadows before them."

In Nature, the morning star proclaims the approach of the superior splendor of the solar orb. The semi-decomposition of the sun's rays, forming divergent milk-colored lines in the vapory air, precedes the darkened heavens, the red lightning, the roaring thunder, dashing rain, and sweeping tornado. And so the rumbling of the volcano is precursory of its devastating eruptions.

This proverb is no less true in its application to the records of human conduct, than to the phenomena of Nature. The burning of Andrew Oliver in effigy, in Boston, the 14th of Aug., 1765, and the emptying into the ocean the contents of three hundred and forty-two chests of tea, Dec. 18, 1773,—though trifling occurrences,—yet they indicated feelings which throbbed through the veins and arteries and nerved the arm of the United Colonies—feelings which augmented until they produced throes which shook the foundation of the mightiest throne on earth, and gave being to a

nation no less powerful. So the formation of the Jacobin Club, in France, in 1780, foreshadowed coming events which convulsed the world.

The experienced philosopher, true statesman, and intelligent Christian are not wont to regard passing events as separate and disconnected, uninfluenced and uninfluencing, but as connected, linked, bound to, influenced by, and influencing the aggregated movement of the age in which they occur.

Thus the text is declarative of but a single incident, but of one connected with others of like character, which at once marked the present, and betokened coming events of most fearful significance.

Reading from the 12th verse—"Their transgressions were multiplied." Gross sins wilfully committed, instead of being diminished, were greatly increased. Not simply added unto—but "multiplied." "For our transgressions are with us." They are not yet repented, but still practiced. "As for our iniquities, we know them." We do not sin in ignorance. "In transgressing and lying against the Lord, and departing away from our God, SPEAKING OPPRESSION and revolt." This indicates the manner in which they lied against the Lord, and departed from God. It was by speaking oppression—claiming, as some Divines now claim, that God is the author of oppression. This is to lie against God, "uttering falsehood from the heart." Their hearts were not right with God. "And judgment is turned away backward." The courts of judicature ruled against justice and right. "Justice standeth afar off." The departure of the courts from justice is very great. "Truth is fallen in the street." Truth and justice are rudely trampled upon, and that boldly and in public. "And equity cannot enter." Will not be admitted into the courts. And to crown this accumulation of iniquity. "He that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey," is the object of ridicule and hatred, is considered fanatical; as are all earnest anti-slavery men, by the self-style, prudent and conservative men; or, as the marginal reading has it, is accounted mad. Just as was John Brown.

Here is a category of items, any one of which is vastly alarming.

Then how much more is the united series indicative of accumulated evil! Did time permit, it would be an easy task to run a parallel between the characteristics of the Prophet's day, and those which mark and disgrace the times upon which we have fallen. No well-instructed mind can fail to see, that this portrait of the then present, dark as it is both in outline and feature, finds but too perfect an original, reproduced and duplicated in the now living present.

The single incident which constitutes the occasion of this evening's discourse, though really important in itself, is yet vastly more important in its relations and surroundings. And as it is the business of the philosopher, and the duty of all, to improve upon every transaction of consequence to either Church or State, we will consider this sad event.

I. In itself, and

II. In its connections and relations.

I need not inform this audience that this mournful event is the offering up of John Brown upon the altar of the bloody moloch of slavery.

It will be proper,

I. To give a brief history of the person executed.

This most remarkable man was born at Torrington, Litchfield county, Conn., May 9, A. D. 1800, making his age at the time of his execution 59 years, 6 months, and 23 days. His father, Owen Brown, a man of sterling integrity, with his family, moved to Ohio in 1805. John was then a lad of five summers. His mother, Ruth Mills, was a daughter of Lieut. Gideon Mills, and near relative of Rev. Samuel I. Mills. His father's sister Hannah, became the wife of Solomon Humphrey, and was the mother of Heman Humphrey, late President of Amherst College. His grandfather, Captain John Brown, died in the Revolutionary service. Mr. Brown is a member of the sixth generation from Peter Brown, one of the May Flower Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth, Dec. 22, 1620. The Puritanic element entered largely into the composition of his ardent nature. At the early age of fifteen years, he made a profession of religion; and the year following, united with the Congregational Church at

Hudson, Summit county, Ohio. At the age of seventeen years, he was a student at Morris Academy, preparing for the ministry, but had to abandon study because of chronic inflamation of the eyes. His preceptor, Rev. H. L. Vaill, who is yet living, says of him, "he was a godly youth."

In his twenty-first year, Mr. Brown was united in marriage to Dianthe Lusk, daughter of Captain Amos Lusk, one of the early settlers of Hudson. About the year 1827, or 1828, he removed to the town of Richmond, in the eastern part of Crawford county, Pa. On his removal to this place, he transferred his membership from the Congregational to the Presbyterian church, with which he continued in connection to the close of his life. And here I am happy to be able to introduce statements made in a letter received on yesterday, from his son, John Brown:

Through my father's labors, chiefly, a school and church were established among those who soon settled there, (at Richmond,) and he had occasion to feel that his life thus far had been a success.

In 1831, occurred the death of my mother, an event from which I date a change in the current of his life. It is, perhaps, oftener than otherwise, owing to a severe affliction, that the deepest currents of our souls are suddenly arrested, and we pour our lives into other channels. It was then, for the first time, I heard him declare his determination *to live to aid the down-trodden.* But a man of his temperament could never be satisfied with merely "praying to Hercules," he must also "put his own shoulder to the wheel." To this end he wrote to James G. Birney, of Kentucky, who had emancipated his slaves, asking for one or more young persons of his emancipated slaves, that he might adopt and educate them as he would his own children. He received a favorable reply; but his health failing soon after, this plan was reluctantly abandoned. When his health was partially restored, he was called to survey the lands in Virginia of Gerrit Smith, amounting to several thousand acres, which had been donated to the College at Oberlin.

It was during the time of that survey, and while alone among the mountains, these ideas, as he said, "flashed in upon his mind and

heart," and, I may say, have ever since constituted the pole-star of his course through life. They are these:

1. That the rights of the slave in this country will never be respected, much less acknowledged, until he has proved himself capable of maintaining those rights against the aggressions of the white man.

2. That the qualities of energy, courage and self-respect, decision, firmness and self reliance, dignity and fortitude, together with a sharp and practical intellect, can *only* be acquired by the slave in the school of an actual struggle at arms for a recovery of his rights.

3. That when a people have fallen among thieves, and have through ages of oppression, in a great measure, lost those qualities, it is not only the *right*, but the DUTY of their more fortunate "neighbors," to aid them to rise; pouring balm and oil into their wounds, until they are able to stand without such aid.

And now, let me add, his invasion into Missouri last winter, resulting in returning to the ownership of themselves, twelve slaves, and his recent attempt at Harper's Ferry, are his exposition and comment on the above doctrines, and constitutes the key to his life.

Let me say that no special exhibition of the dark spirit of slavery in Kansas, or anywhere else, "made him mad; but, on the contrary, every step in his opposition to tyranny has been in the direct line of march of a deliberate purpose, formed more than twenty years ago. If he is insane on the subject of slavery, his insanity dates back of a period when scarce a ripple was discoverable on the face of the great deep of public sentiment. As the "bush" in Horeb flamed with the presence of the great "I am," so, long ago, to his earnest heart, among the hills of Virginia, "flashed out the truth" that "who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

But the blue peaks of the Alleghanies, and the mountains of Virginia's wrong, will inspire him no more. The slave may clank his chains in sight of the tomb of Washinton, and the proudest blood of the "Old Dominion," be sold in her shambles; yet IDEAS have now,—thank God,—been planted there, which the *slave* cannot fail to un-

derstand,—*seed ideas*, which will spring up and bear fruits of deliverance, long after the hand that scattered them shall have mouldered into the dust. His life has been spent in earnest efforts to teach the slave "what he must do to be saved" from that system which manacles his body, and crushes his spirit. And the *slave-holder*,—the lesson, that while his hand is WILFULLY clutched to the throat of his victim, *he* has "no rights which *any one* is bound to respect."

No person can read this letter and fail to see that the brave spirit of John Brown, Senior, survives in John Brown, Junior. I have read thus largely from this letter, as it furnishes a *key* to the life of the noble herow hose death forms the occasion of this discourse.

I will now introduce testimony in relation to the character of Mr. Brown. I begin in this city. You who were present on Friday evening, heard Judge Tilden say, that he had known Mr. Brown from early manhood, and that it had never been his happiness to make the acquaintance of a more honest, pure-minded, and honorable man than he. Mr. Tilden further informed me, that Gen. Oviatt, of this city, was a school-mate of Mr· Brown, and that he says of him, as do all who knew him, that "a more honest and truthful youth, he never knew." Good qualities in either youth or age.

I will next introduce the testimony of one who knew him long and intimately. Of him, his last wife, and present widow, says as follows: "He has been a church member ever since he was a boy. The religious, has always been the ruling element of his character. He always observed religious exercises in his household, with exemplary regularity. It had for many years been the custom of the family to read the Bible every morning, in regular course of chapters, each member reading in turn a verse. His familiarity with the Scriptures was very great, and his conversation and letters abound with Scripture texts. Of his favorite passages, of which he had a great many, this was one,—'Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.' In his habits of living he was singularly self-denying; as an example, he suffered neither himself nor family to clothe expensively. His standing admonition was, 'Let us save the money and give to the poor.' He had been waiting for twenty years for some opportunity to free the slaves! And we had all been waiting with him. He has borne the

yoke of the oppressed, as if upon his own neck, for thirty years. No man ever had a kinder heart. He is generous by nature. He has always aimed to impress his family with the spirit of benevolence. His sympathy for the poor has always been too easily excited."

Is it said that all this is the testimony of interested friends? Then hear and consider that of an enemy. Even Gov. Wise did not withhold his tribute of superlative praise, but said of Mr. Brown, "He posesses the greatest integrity, truthfulness and courage I ever met." This is a trinity of rare, substantial and enduring virtues. According to the above testimony, Mr. Brown is certainly a specimen of humanity of the finest quality.

And with this agreeth perfectly both his language and deportment in all the varied circumstances of great trial in which he has recently been called to act and speak. Hear his calm, truthful, and heroic language to the Court before which he stood condemned. "Had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so called great; or in behalf of any of their friends, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right; every man in this Court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than of punishment. The New Testament teaches me that "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." It teaches me further, to "remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them." *I endeavored to act upon that instruction,* I say that I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe to have interfered as I have in behalf of his dispised poor, *no wrong,* but *right.* Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life, for the furtherence of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country, whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, *I say, let it be done.*" Is not this the language of the true martyr? Are not these words "apples of gold in pictures of silver?" Hear again his langnage to a moral heroine, (God bless her,) who came from far to visit him in prison, as he sublimely says, "I do not think I can better serve the cause I love so much, than to die for it."

To the same purport is his pious language to his venerable teacher at Morris Academy, Rev. H. L. Vail. "Allow me here to say, that notwithstanding 'my soul is amongst lions,' still I believe that 'God is in very deed with me.' You will, therefore, not feel surprised when I tell you 'that I am joyful in tribulations;' that I do not feel condemned of Him whose judgment is just, nor of my own conscience; nor do I feel degraded by my imprisonment, my chain, or prospect of the gallows." Witness again, as he nobly refuses even words of comfort from the lips of a slave-holding clergyman, informing him that they do not serve the same God; and advertise another Rev. Divine, who would convince him of the heavenly origin of slavery, that he did not understand even the A B C of Christianity; that while he respected him as a gentleman, yet it is as a *heathen* gentleman. Now read his comforting, hopeful, and Christian words, in a letter to his children, bearing date of Nov, 22.

"Dear Children.—Your most welcome letters of the 16th inst. I have just received, and I feel to bless God that he has enabled you to bear the heavy tidings of our disaster, with so much seeming resignation and composure of mind. That is exactly the thing I have wished you all to do for me—to be cheerful, and perfectly resigned to the holy will of a wise and good God. I bless his most holy name, that I am (as I trust) in some good measure, able to do the same. I am even 'joyful, in all my tribulations,' even since my confinement, and I humbly trust that 'I know in whom I have trusted.' A calm peace (perhaps) like that which your own dear mother felt in view of her last change, seems to fill my mind by day and by night. 'Of this, neither the powers of 'earth or hell' can deprive me. Do not, dear children, any of you, grieve for a single moment on my account. As I trust my life has not been entirely thrown away, so I also humbly trust that my death shall not be in vain. God can make it to be of a thousand times more value to his own cause, than all the miserable service (at best) that I have rendered it during my life. * * * * I know of nothing you can any of you now do for me, unless it is to comfort your own hearts, and cheer and encourage each other, to trust in God and Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent. If you will keep his sayings, you shall certainly 'know of his doctrine, whether it be of God or no.' Nothing can be more grateful to me, than your earnest sympathy, except it be to know that you are all fully persuaded to be christans.—And now, dear children, farewell for this time, I hope to he able to write you again. The God of my Father, take you all for his children.

Your affectionate father, JOHN BROWN.

How beautiful, touching, and morally sublime is the following bequest:

"I give to my daughter, Ruth Thompson, my large old Bible, containing family records. I give to each son, and to each of my other daughters, my son-in-law, Henry Thompson, and to each of my daughters-in-law, as good a copy of the Bible as can be purchased at some book store in New York, or Boston, at a cost of five dollars each in cash, to be paid out of the proceeds of my father's estate. I give to each of my grand-children, that may be living when my father's estate is settled, as good a copy of the Bible as can be purchased as above, at the cost of three dollars each."

The last letter of the heroic martyr, of which I have any knowledge, is addressed to his esteemed friend, Judge Tilden, within but four days from the scaffold; in which he says: "I have enjoyed remarkabe cheerfulness and composure of mind, ever since my confinement, and it is a great comfort to feel assured that I have been permitted to die for a *cause*—not merely to pay the debt of Nature, as all must. I feel myself most unworthy of so great a distinction. The particular manner of dying assigned, gives me but very little uneasiness. I wish I had the time and the ability to give you, my dear friend, some little idea of what is daily, and, I might almost say, hourly passing within my prison walls; and could my friends but witness only a few of those scenes, just as they occur, I think they would feel very well reconciled to my being here, just what I am, and just as I am. My whole life before had not afforded me one half the opportunity to plead for the right. In this I also find much to reconcile me both to my present condition and my immediate prospect. I have scarcely realized that I am in prison, or in irons at all. I certainly think I was never more cheerful in my life. My sleep in particular is as sweet as that of a healthy, joyous little infant."

May we not assume that could the heroic spirit address us a letter from his present abode, he would tell us that he scarcely realized that he was on the scaffold at all, that he passed "through the valley of the shadow of death" as a healthy little infant sinking into sweet repose. A cord cannot harm a man when dying, whom a chain could not hurt while living. This conclusion is further

authorized by his cheerful bearing when on the scaffold, and his prompt reply to his executioner, "I am always ready," constituting about his last words.

H. A. Wise might well have written over him in characters that all might read this superscription. "He possessed the greatest integrity, truthfulness, and courage I ever met."

Mr. Brown made his first appearance in Kansas, in 1855, and his last departure therefrom, March, 1859, bringing with him twelve slaves from Missouri bondage to Canadian freedom.

I believe it is generally understood that Mr. Brown superintended the rescue of Dr. Doy from a Missouri prison, and that for this purpose, he made a journey from New York to Missouri. Of his numerous brilliant military exploits. narrow escapes, and deeds of noble daring in Kansas, I need not speak: they are already the world's public property. Suffice it to say, that it is probable that the freedom of Kansas, despite all the efforts of the Federal Government to the contrary, is owing to the efforts of John Brown, more than to any other one man. And to defeat the United States once, and in so good a cause, is glory enough for one man, and for one life.

His zeal, while in Kansas gave him almost the power of ubiquity; and his zeal and courage combined, made him an object of terror to the hearts of all the enemies of Freedom.

I will now approach the conclusion of this sketch of this eventful life, by reading a closing extract from his letter to me, written the 2d of November, the day of our Thanksgiving.—"Frederic Brown, one of my sons, was murdered in Kansas, Aug. 30, 1856. Watson Brown, another of my sons, was mortally wounded at Harper's Ferry, Oct. 17, and died Oct. 19, 1859. Oliver Brown, another of my sons, was killed near my side, (almost instantly,) Oct. 17, 1859, at the same place."

These are mournful lines to be written by the almost dying hand of a Father.

It now becomes our duty to record the event, no less mournful, that the Father was murdered at Charlestown, by the State of Virginia, on the 2d of Dec. 1859, for a magnanimous effort to "break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free." His pure, heroic, and sorrow-

chastened spirit ascended to the bosom of its God; while the lifeless body was delivered to his afflicted widow, to be conveyed for interment to North Elba, Essex Co. New York; there to await a resurrection to immortal life and eternal honors.

Having given this brief history and general description of the man who so suddenly flashed out upon, and astonished the world, we will proceed to consider,

2. The morality of his conduct at Harper's Ferry.

In relation to this question, there doubtless exists a great variety of opinions. But as we would be just to the dead, it will behoove us to clear the fog of prejudice, and render a verdict dictated by reason, and not prompted by passion—such a verdict as the hand of history will record, and coming generations sanction. Then, does immortality attach to Mr. Brown's design in relation to the slaves?

This object was to bestow upon the slave his freedom. That this would be to inflict a wrong upon the slave, no reasonable and honest man will claim. And that it would be to withhold any just right from the master, no man can prove.

That the master can have any right *in justice* to the slave *is not possible.* As any other human beings, the slaves are entitled to all the benefits of the great law of reciprocity. This law demands of the master in favor of the slave, an equivalent for himself and all he produces. But this the master does not give—nor, in the very nature of the case, can he. Should the slave even receive pay for himself in full, the entire price would immediately revert to the master. The slave can do nothing, be nothing, nor acquire anything, but what must belong to the master. Slavery ignores the great law of reciprocity. The master absorbs *everything*, and in return gives *nothing.* Slavery is the aggregation of all injustice, systemized. It is the complement of all robbery, sought to be legalized.

Again: As a morally responsible agent, the slaves belong to him who has declared, that "all souls are mine." Well did the noble Judge in Vermont demand a bill of sale from the Almighty, in testimony of the master's right in his slave. Slavery is not only

a system of robbery perpetrated upon man, but it is also robbery practiced upon God!

This being the case, that the master should possess even a *legal* right to his slave, is absolutely impossible. For to legalize robbery is not possible. Do the liberties of any class of human beings and posterity, belong to any legislature either state or national? How then can it legally bestow upon others that which it does not itself possess? The thing is not possible. We hear much of the rights of the South, and of the rights of the masters in their slaves. After all, the only right they pretend to claim, is that conferred by the senseless axiom of slave law, *Partus sequiter ventrem.* That is to say, that because the mother, and her mother, and her mother, to time out of mind, have been robbed of their all, therefore it is legal to continue this robbery in the descendants during all time to come! A right so ridiculous ought to blush itself into eternal shades!

But this very principle of slave law, in the hands of a righteous judiciary, must forever make slavery impossible. Because nothing can be more necessarily true than that the mother of the first victims of this barbarous institution must have been free; their descendants through all generations, must therefore, by virtue of this very principle, be free, also.

But the verdict of this Nation, solemnly rendered in the form of the Declaration of Independence, is, that it is a self-evident truth that the right of every human being to be free, is stamped by the Almighty Creator, with the authoritative seal of *inalienability.* That which is thus inalienable, cannat be either *justly* or *legally* distrained. Then the verdict of the Nation thus solemnly rendered, is, that it is *self-evident*, that as he, Brown, sought to inflict no wrong upon the slave, so he would have withheld no right either in *justice* nor in *law*, from the master.

2. Does criminality attach to Mr. Brown's object in relation to the Government?

The evidence is that one of the Articles of the so-called Provisional Government, distinctly sets forth, that they sought not the

subversion of any government, either State or National, their only object being the speedy overthrow of slavery. But who does not say, that if the huge proportions of this Government rest upon the dearest rights of four millions of immortal beings and their posterity, if there is no other remedy, the superstructure ought to be taken down and reared again, but on a better foundation.

3. Then does immorality attach to Mr. Brown's motives?

That motives give character to actions is a first truth of reason, and fundamental principle in the science of morality. And that moral agents are to be judged by their motives, is a necessary affirmation of the intelligence. Under the focal rays of the accumulation of facts in relation to Mr. Brown's character from early youth, and through life—his intense sympathy for the oppressed, the past thirty years—his abiding conviction of his appointment of God to rid the poor oppressed out of the hands of the spoiler—his uniform and continued declaration that he had only acted in obedience to the commands of God to, in all things, do by others as we would have others do by us; and to remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; the conclusion is irresistible, that Mr. Brown's motives are high above all censure, and even reasonable suspicion; and that, on the other hand, his motives were, in an eminent degree, magnanimous, philanthropic, and christian; that he was actuated by veneration for the *Divine*, as connected with, and represented by the *Human*.

4. Is Mr. Brown chargeable with any want of deep devotion to these pure and praise-worthy objects and motives?

To ask, is to answer this question. If the taking joyfully the spoiling of goods, the neglect for months and years, of pecuniary and domestic interests, and almost superhuman labor and toil, and the repeated dismemberment of his family, and voluntary exposures to personal peril, and final cheerful surrender of life itself, will not acqnit Mr. Brown under this count, what must be the fate of the professed friends of the slave in general? It may be well said of him, that "he has done what he could."

5, And finally, is Mr. Brown to be condemned for his conduct?

If Mr. Brown did provide for the destruction of human life, it was only evidence that he knew he was about to endanger his own,

and the life of his friends. Then, is he to be condemned for not esteeming the life of others as more valuable than that of himself and com-patriots? Moreover, it was a distinct and prominent feature in the programme, to, in every instance, hold life sacred, excepting only those cases where the success of the cause renders its sacrifice absolutely necessary.

But, by what rule of consistency and morality are we to condemn John Brown and his associates, and approve and honor the Fathers of the Revolution? Did Brown believe that it is a self-evident truth, that all men are endowed by their Creator with an inalienable right to liberty? So did they. Did he believe that governments are instituted among men to secure this with other rights? So did they. Did Brown believe that when any government fails to secure the enjoyment of these rights, revolution is both the right and duty of the government? So did they. Did Brown believe and proclaim that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God?" They proclaimed the same. Did Brown employ arms against the established government? Washington did the same. Did he endanger his own life, and sacrifice the lives of others, in the cause of Freedom? Deny this of Washington, and you divest him of much of his glory. But, between Washington and Brown, there is this difference: Washington was a slaveholder, Brown was not; Washington fought for *political*, but Brown for *personal* rights. According to the testimony of Thomas Jefferson, himself a slave-holder, one hour of the oppression which Brown attempted to overthrow, is fraught with more misery than ages of that against which Washington rose in rebellion. The cause of Washington was popular; but that of Brown, unpopular. Washington fought for partial and special, but Brown for universal freedom. The associates of Washington were Patritians, those of Brown were Plebeians

Again, how are we to honor Lafayette, who, from pure and unselfish devotion to the holy cause of human freedom, left the security and quietude of a princely home, came to a land not his own, and threw himself into all the dangers and hardships of tent and field, that he might bestow upon an oppressed people, the priceless

boon of freedom; and then brand with "traitor" an American citizen for a devotion no less pure, and a bravery and a magnanimity equally exalted. Why cry a *crown* for one, and a *halter* for the other? Or, how are we to transmit to posterity, as worthy of imperishable glory, the names of Eaton and Decatur, who displayed such distinguished bravery for the rescue of enslaved American citizens, from Trippolitan masters; and then, upon the same page, seek to couple the name of Brown with lasting infamy and substantial disgrace? Or, how lavish our sympathies upon Poland, Hungary, or any of the European nations struggling for freedom, and then unsparingly censure Brown for his *more practical* sympathy for the oppressed millions of our land?

The lover of history reads with mingled emotions of admiration, sadness and pity, the story of the fervent zeal, but misguided piety, which prompted thousands of the best sons of all Europe to pour out the rich treasures of their blood, and the blood of multiplied thousands of the enemy, to rescue from the hands of Infidels the Saviour's vacant tomb. Then shall we have nothing but unmingled abuse and unmeasured blame, for Brown and his coadjutors; who, with a devotion no less fervent, nobly sought to rescue from all the cruelty, suffering and degradation of slavery, *his living representatives?* The piety of that age *canonized* those cross-bearers as model saints. Shall not ours even *tolerate* the brave martyrs of a cause infinitely more deserving?

After all, the whole argument converges here. Does man possess the right to assert his liberty, by an appeal to the sword, or to purchase freedom at the expense of blood! If so, this right inheres in the slave. And, if it is morally right for the slaves to rise against their oppressors, that it should be morally wrong for Mr. Brown, or any body else to assist them to do that, the doing of which is right, *is not possible.*

Then, if blame attaches at all, it cannot be from *moral*, but only from *prudential* considerations. The wisdom of Mr. Brown's undertaking I am not careful to discass. But, may it not be said, even in relation to this, that, in so far as the enterprise appears chimer-

ical, wild and infeasible, in that very proportion are displayed on the part of the actors, a zeal, devotion, and heroism, which are ready to hazard all things, not excepting life itself; and a confidence in the righteousness of the cause, and in the approving sanction of the Supreme Disposer of all events, which can remove mountains! And that, viewed from this the true point of vision, just in so far as the scheme appears impracticable and ill-advised, in that proportion does the scene rise in moral grandeur and sublimity.

II. We now come to consider this mournful event in its cnnnections and relations.

I. There is in this land of boasted liberty a system of oppression, the most unjust, barbarous and cruel that ever disgraced any nation, either ancient or modern; a system which divests its hapless victims of every right, civil, religious and personal.

Did slavery possess the power to change the *nature* of its victims, its cruelty would be less intolerable. But this it cannot do Those victims still possess all the impulses and aspirations inherent in, and hence inseparable from their very being, but are doomed to a condition which denies to this nature its needed pabulum and intended development, and suppresses all those manly impulses and God-like aspirations. Their physical comforts are but few. The social element in their nature is crushed and murdered. Their intellects, susceptible as they are, of indefinite expension, are fated to a worse than midnight darkness. And even the soul, which is capable of bearing the image of the Great Eternal Parent, and of feasting on celestial delights, is not too sacred to be immolated upon the unholy altar of this bloody Moloch!

American slaves are human beings, who, in the language of the Roman law, are acounted "*pro nullis, pro mortuis, pro quadrupedibus,*"—that is, as no men, as dead men, as quadrupeds. They are denied the right to so much as have a name, or belong to any nation, tribe, kindred, or people,—the right to have a husband, wife, father, mother, brother, or sister, or any other relation,—the right to their time, to choose their own occupation, or place of residence, to make or fulfil any contract, or to hold or dispose of any

property,—the right, either in person, or by appeal to any tribunal on earth, to defend their own reputation or life, or even the life or chastity of sister, wife or mother; and the right to develop or employ their powers, physical, intellectual or moral, either for their own good or for the glory of God. They can do nothing, be nothing, nor acquire anything, but what must belong to their master. They are the poorest of earth's poor, and the most wretched of earth's wretched helpless ones!

With them the fountains of pleasure, which a good God has planted in the human soul, are all poisoned and embittered. They are exposed to all of cruelty, it is possible for man to either inflict or endure. The social nature is outraged, by sundering those pleasure-giving cords of affection, which bind loving hearts in sacred bond. All along life's dusky way, they are denied the sweet greetings of those endeared by the ties of consanguinity; and even in death's dark hour, no angel form can wait and watch at the side of their uncouth couch, and smooth their passage out of time into eternity!

To those intellectual pleasures which are found in college groves and halls of science, they are denied all access; nor can they make any approach to the golden gates of wealth, nor the gorgeous temples of honor! Early in life the sun of all time-bounded hopes sets in their sad hearts forever!

In addition to all this, and what beyond all computation is more cruel, more fiend like, than all else combined; the soul, the divine in man; made to banquet on joys pure and eternal, and to company with God and angels; and, perhaps, adorned with every Christian grace, is exposed for public sale; and if a female; hear it, ye wives and mother, she may be delivered during life into the hands of a moral monster, against whom purity is an offence, and chastity a crime!

Tell me, venerable Time, or thou blood-drenched Earth, tell—where, in all the records of crime, cruelty, outrage and murder, is to be found a system, which, like American Slavery, concentrates and combines every element of woe; and from which is extracted all semblance of justice, mercy and humanity.

If there was treason, either intended or committed, it was against this aggregation of all wrong, this concentration of all cruelty, barbarity and disgrace.

2. The uniform action of this Government, in the interest of slavery, continued through a series of years, was, and is pre-eminently discouraging to the friends of freedom. Of this unfriendly action, Mr. Brown was not ignorant. He knew that in nine several instances, slavery had been strengthened by admission into the Union; that Congress had legislated for the unnatural and infamous purpose of preventing the slave's peaceable escape from his prison and his chains; that it is made an offence punishable with fine and imprisonment to obey the heavenly injunctions to feed the hungry, receive the poor friendless outcast, and to refuse to return the servant escaping from his master to thee; that the person on trial for his liberty is denied the benefit of "trial by jury;" of the writ of *habeas corpus*, of confronting witnesses by counter testimony, or even of counsel to cross-examine the witnesses testifying; and that, in addition to all this perversion of all law and justice, and violation of the Constitution in its safe-guards to liberty, a BRIBE OF FIVE DOLLARS is offered the Commissioner as an inducement to deliver the defenceless prisoner into all the miseries of life-lasting slavery! Might not the laws of Draco, said to have been written in blood, well blush in the presence of such legislation as this?

Mr. Brown knew, also, of the repeated efforts of this government to negotiate with foreign powers for the return of fugitives from injustice and oppression! He knew, further, that with an eye single to the glory of slavery, Florida was purchased at a cost to the nation of five million of dollars; that subsequently at an expense of forty millions more, Gen. Taylor, at the head of the United States army, re-enforced by blood-hounds, purchased of Cuba for the purpose, was sent into her almost inaccessible swamps, to drive from their homes the benighted Seminole Indians, for having afforded shelter and protection to those who had sought clemency at the hands of these savages, against the blessings of our Republican and very Christian institutions! Nor was Mr. Brown ignorant of the shame-

ful, but well authenticated fact, that for the spread and perpetuity of the same barbarous institution, and at a vast cost to the nation in blood and treasure, this government had once and again accomplished the dismemberment of a more feeble but sister Republic. (No sin to sacrifice any number of lives, and shed any amount of blood, if it is only in the interest of Slavery.) Nor yet, of another fact no less shameful, and equally well authenticated, that the United States have, even up to the present, persistently refused to acknowledge the independence of Hayti, and that we were the first to acknowledge that of Texas; and all because the former revolted in favor of Liberty, and the latter in favor of Slavery.

Mr. Brown knew still further, that of the fifty-seven signers of the Declaration of Texan Independence, fifty were from the Southern States of this Confederacy; that the battle of San Jacinto was fought by American arms, for the spread of American slavery; and that as early as 1842, the same H. A. Wise, who superintended his capture and execution, had vauntingly said upon the floor of Congress, that although war is a curse, yet for the sake of spreading slavery abroad, he would capture towns, rifle churches, and plant the Lone Star of the Texan banner upon the Mexican Capitol. Because Roman Catholic Mexico would not rob human beings of their every right, Mr. Wise would rob her. Fit person to hang Freedom's Champion! More than all this; Mr. Brown was well instructed in the sad and most humiliating lesson of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. It was not enough that, in its frenzied zeal to serve in this unholy war upon the dearest rights of humanity, this Government should once and again dismember a sister republic; but having done this, it must, with sacreligious hand, perfidiously break faith with its own people, and throw the portion which fell to Liberty by virtue of covenant stipulation, into the polluting embrace of slavery. The Louisiana Purchase, north of 36 1-2 degrees, must be re-opened to the ingress of America's pet institution—American slavery,—and this, too, from pure and profound deference to the great American idea of self government! Mr. Brown had further seen the liberty of speech rudely stricken

down in Congress, and the floor of the nation's Senate Chamber stained with the blood of one of her noblest sons. He had seen the sacredness of the ballot box, the palladium of our liberty, repeatedly violated. He had seen Government artillery employed in the destruction of the lives and property of unoffending citizens, only because they preferred freedom to slavery, He had seen his own house destroyed, and himself pursued like a partridge upon the mountain, by those who thirsted for his blood. He had seen his own son Frederick murdered in cold blood by Rev. Mr. White, Chaplain of a Missouri band of ruffians. He had seen Government troops marshalled upon the plains of Kansas for the sole purpose of its enslavement. He had seen the savage murderers of Free State men promptly rewarded by appointments from Government to offices of honor and profit. He had seen sundry successive Governors re-called, only because they could not execute the execrable purposes and plans of the Chief Magistrate of this nation in relation to slavery. He had seen this proscriptive policy pursued to the pecuniary disadvantage of even petty Post Masters. He had seen that the Administration of this Government had fallen into the hands of political gamblers, who stand ever ready to stake both country and conscience upon a single chance for personal preferment.

He had seen that the purpose of the party dominant in the nation is to, as far as possible, enlarge the area of slavery, legislate directly for its protection in the Territories, and to re-open the piratical foreign traffic in human beings. He had seen the ermine of the Supreme Federal Judges stained by a dicision which would have shocked the moral sensibility of even the Jeffries — making the administration of justice depend upon complexion! He had, seen that slavery is an element of discord and strife in the bosom of this nation, and the mortal foe to the prosperity and even the perpetuity of this confederacy. He had seen that there is no political party, of any considerable numerical strength, which even professes to seek the overthrow of this monster iniquity. And, last, but not least, he saw that the vile man-thief enjoys unobstructed access, to even the "high places" of our popular Zion, and that the oil of our

Incense is largely mixed with the sweat, blood and tears of the poor oppressed. Knowing and seeing all this,—as a last forlorn hope, he and his less than Spartan band, made deadly assault upon the myriad robbers of their brother's rights. And, like Leonidas, he fell a sacrifice to his native bravery and noble love of liberty; and, like him, he fell to be loved and honored. Henceforth let Harper's Ferry be styled the Thermopylæ, and John Brown the Leonidas of this nation.

But the truth, alike shameful and apparent, is undeniable; that it is owing to the pro-slavery character and action of this Government, together with the faithlessness of the popular churches, that John Brown, and his unfortunate coadjutors, died upon a Virginia scaffold.

3. Finally, in this sad event, we may see an indexterhand, at once indicating the present, and pointing out the prospective of this nation. We are a divided people. The Union exists only in form and in name. For the North, the South has no sympathy. They continue the Union only from considerations of policy and of interest. The elements and interests of the North and South, of Liberty and Slavery, are essential and eternal antagonisms. They are natural repellants. Between them there can be no union of sympathy, and in reality none of interest. In the past, as will be for the future, all the persistant efforts of our statesmen to compound these essential opposites have been wholly fruitless. As well hope to erect a tenement upon an earthquake, or do any thing else involving an impossibility and an absurdity, as expect to establish permanent peace between Liberty and Slavery. There can be no concord between Christ and Beliel. The "Irrepressible conflict" will and must go on, until either Slavery or Liberty shall expire. Gov. Wise can execute John Brown and his compatriots; but, thank God, he cannot execute the rising public sympathy, nor the voice of a waking conscience. Nor can he prevent the inevitale certainty that in their great guilt and abundant fear, the Heroïs of Virginia, and of the South, will in days yet in the future, exclaim, not that John Baptist, but that John Brown "is risen from thedead, and therefore mighty works do show forth themselves in him." That slavery

in this country should long continue to exist, is not possible. Who thinks otherwise suffers himself to be grossly deceived. Over the *fact* of its termination we have no control—this God has irrevocably settled. But as to the *manner* of its death we may possibly have some voice.

If this nation is not already too guilty to be pardoned, should the people repent in sack-cloth, and then not stop there, but proceed to bring forth fruits meet for repentance; as a nation, we may yet find mercy. But a few more years of sin, and the cup of our iniquity will be running over. The times among which we live are ominous. The nation is rocking on its foundations. The sea is roaring, and men's hearts are failing. If ever, in the entire history of this country, there was a time when the interests of God and humanity demand men of wisdom and integrity, and required that "every man should do his duty" that eventful time is now upon us. Every nation has its hour of destiny. To not *know* "the day of visitation" is fearful evidence of judicial blindness. It is in the body politic, as in the human system, where disease is present. While there is *agitation* there is hope. The agitation being only efforts of the vital forces to expel and throw off obstructions; are therefore evidence of the existence of such forces, and hence afford ground for hope. But when this struggle ceases, and we begin to cry "peace and safety," "then cometh sudden destruction."

Hitherto, the South, with perhaps a few exceptions, has been blind to its imminent peril. It is, for the present, made at least partially sensible of its true position and real danger. Why, else, call one thousand troops to guard a prisoner in chains, and *two* thousand to execute an old man! In *this* we have indicated the precise point of tension to which the "irrepressible conflict" has come. It was reserved for John Brown to teach the South this lesson. If it shall profit thereon, even his death may yet be their salvation; otherwise, as was Pharaoh, it will be overwhelmed in the Red Sea,—a sea of blood. Should the North repent of its servile complicity in this crime and disgrace of the nation, and of the age, we may escape; but if not, we must share the common calamity. I would not be an alarmist. But what is the voice of all history? Is not the epitaph on the tomb-stone of every departed nation this: "Our

SIN was our RUIN?" And what is the wisdom alike of Philosophy and of Inspiration? Is it not that a house or nation divided against itself *cannot stand?* Washington, honored as the Father of his Country, foreseeing the evil, said, and that truthfully: 'United, we stand; divided, we fall." But the principles and interests of Liberty and Slavery never can be either united or harmonized. Another of Virginia's gifted sons, John Randolph, prophesied likewise of the days when the masters would run off from their slaves, instead of the slaves running from their masters. And Thomas Jefferson, also of Virginia, and a slave-holder, and claimed as the Father of Democracy; speaking in relation to this very subject of slavery, said, "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just, and that His justice will not sleep forever." Would that his degenerate sons would remember and tremble.

But American Slavery cannot be eternal. God's justice will not sleep forever; and God is against slavery; His word is against it; His government, both *moral* and *providential,* is against it; the prayers of his people are against it; the common unperverted conscience of mankind is against it; and the cry of the poor oppressed is going up continually against it. It is doomed to a speedy, and, possibly, violent dissolution.

The iron chariot of oppression is not always to roll its ponderous cylinders over the prostrate but sacred form of humanity, squeezing hissing streams of blood from the life-cavities of her great heart. God is already shaking the nation, and the pro-slavery churches, from center to circumference. Speaking from his throne, ere long, he will say, as anciently: "I have seen; I have seen the afflictions of my people, and am come down to deliver them."

And when that time comes, as come it must, the names of Pierce, Douglas, Buchanan, and H. A. Wise, together with all those of the servile tools of the Slave Power, will be but synonymous with "cruelty," "infamy," and "misanthropy," and suggestive of whatsoever is odious; while that of John Brown, associated with the names of those who have been distinguished for fidelity alike to God and humanity, will be resplendant with imperishable honors of Corinthian Laurel.

NOTE "A."—The following is the letter alluded to and read by JUDGE SPAULDING:

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson Co., Va.,
28th November, 1859.

HON. D. R. TITDEN:

MY DEAR SIR:—Your *most kind and comforting* letter of the 23d inst. is received.

I have no language to express the feelings of gratitude and obligation I am under for your kind interest in my behalf ever since my disaster.

The great bulk of mankind estimate each other's actions *and motives* by the measure of success or *otherwise* that attends them through life. By that rule I have been one of the *worst* and one of the *best* of men. *I do* not claim to have been one of the *latter;* and I leave it to an impartial tribunal to decide whether the world has been the *worse* for my *living* and *dying* in it. My present great anxiety is to get as near in readiness for a different field of action as I well *can*. Since being in a good measure *relieved from the fear* that my poor *broken-hearted wife and children* would come to immediate want. May God reward, *a thousand fold,* all the kind efforts made in their behalf. I have enjoyed remarkable *cheerfulness* and *composure of mind* ever since my confinement; and it is a great comfort to *feel assured* that I am *permitted* to die (*for a cause,*) not *merely* to pay the debt of nature, (as all must.) I feel myself to be *most* unworthy of *so great* distinction. The particular *manner* of dying *assigned* to me gives me but very little *uneasiness*. I wish I had the time and the ability to give you, my dear friend, some little idea of what is *daily, and I might almost say hourly,* passing within my *prison walls:* and could my friends but witness only a few or those scenes just as they occur, I think they would feel very well satisfied to my being here *just what I am and just as I am*. My *whole* life *before* had not offered me one-half the opportunity to plead *for the right*. *In this* also *I find* much to reconcile me to both my present condition and my immediate prospect. I may be *very insane,* (and *I am so,* if insane at all.) But if that be so *insanity* is like a very pleasant dream to me. I am not in the least degree conscious of my *ravings*; of my fears; or of any terrible visions whatever; but *fancy* myself entirely composed, and that my *sleep* in particular, is as sweet as that of a healthy, joyous little infant. I pray God he will grant me a continuance of the same calm, but delightful *dream,* until I come to know of those realities which "eyes have not seen, and which ears have not heard." I have scarce realized that I am in prison, or in irons at all. I certainly think I never was more cheerful in my life. I intend to take the liberty of sending by express, to your care, some trifling articles for those of my family who may be in Ohio, which you can hand to my brother Jeremiah, when

you see him, together with $15 I have asked him to advance to them. Please excuse my so often troubling you with my letters or any of my private matters. Please also remember me, *most kindly*, to Mr Griswold, and to all others who love their neighbors. I write Jeremiah to your care. Your friend in truth,

JOHN BROWN.

Date Due

a Tribute of Respect
[John Brown]

E 451. T8

DATE	ISSUED TO
5-22-50	C. V. Woodward*
4/27/55	M. M. GEZCH 2019
2-2-60	D. West